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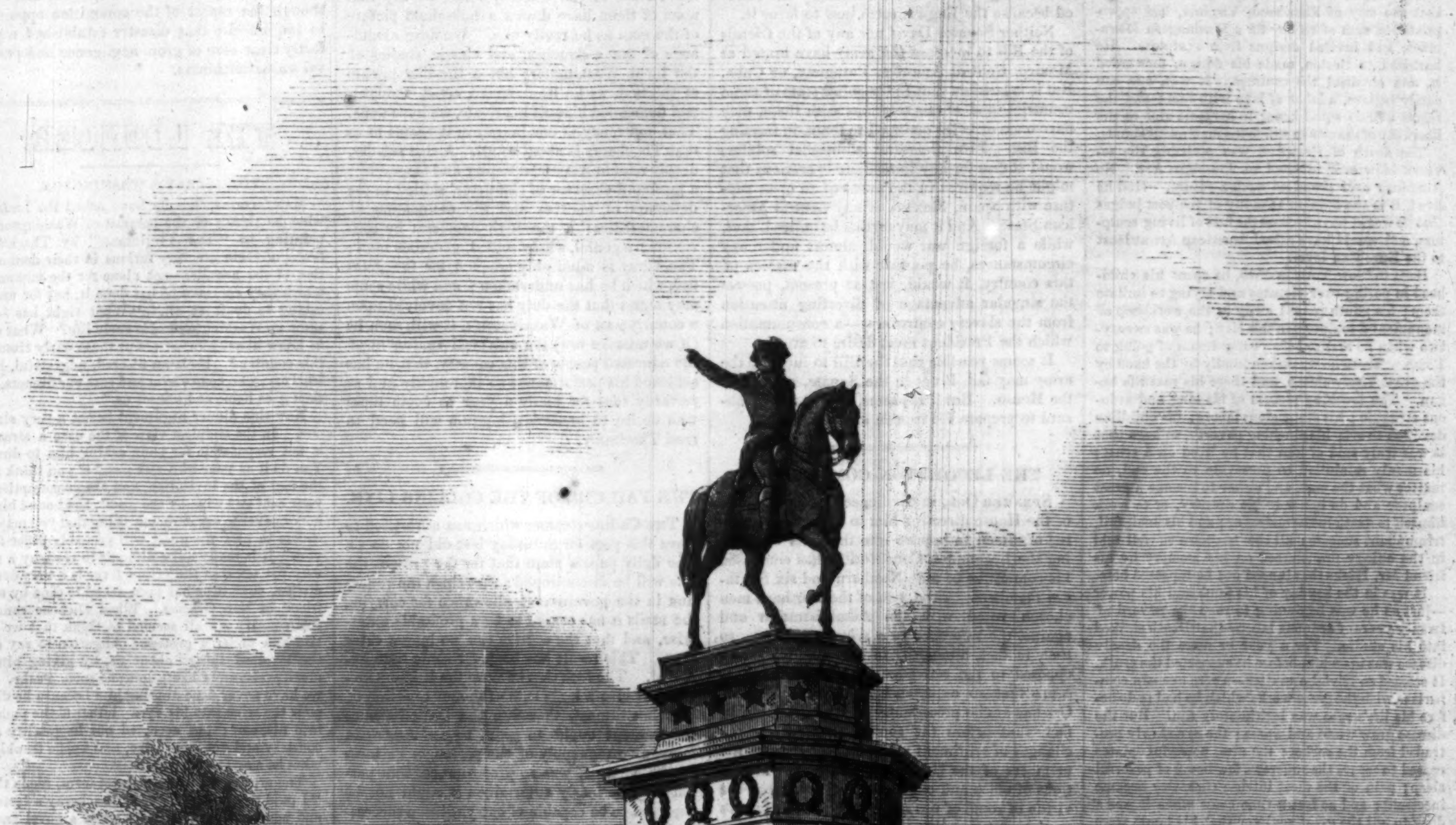

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

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THE picture on the preceding page will make the readers of the *Weekly* acquainted with one of the worthiest monuments that have ever been raised to the memory of the Father of the Country, and one of the greatest triumphs of American Art. We need hardly add that we allude to Crawford's Washington Monument, which is to be inaugurated at Richmond, Virginia, on 22d inst.

The statue of Washington, on horseback, small as it seems in the picture, is twenty-five feet high. Among the figures who surround the base of the equestrian statue are Lee, Mason, Nelson, Patrick Henry, and Jefferson. Each is in an appropriate attitude: while Patrick Henry leans forward, with his arms outstretched as if in the act of addressing an audience, Jefferson thoughtfully studies, pen in hand, the Declaration of Independence.

It is known that the design of this noble monument was completed in a few days by our illustrious countryman. He was, we are told, staying with some relatives at Bordentown, New Jersey, when he noticed in a newspaper an announcement that the city of Richmond, Virginia, had appropriated a sum of money for a Washington Monument, and invited designs from sculptors. He hastened to Boston, made his design, forwarded it, and obtained the contract. It was, one can easily believe, a labor of love with him; and the result will do equal honor to his fame and to the liberality of the city in which the monument stands.

The death of Crawford was probably the severest blow ever inflicted on American Art. No American ever promised such a future. Had he lived, it is the opinion of many of the best judges that he would have become the first of living sculptors, and would have raised American Art at least to the European level.

Born in New York in 1813, he spent his childhood in poring over pictures and trying to imitate them; his youth passed away in the workshop of monumental sculptors in this city; he was twenty-two when he realized his young dream of going to Rome. There he was taken kindly by the hand by the great Thorwaldsen, and there his real life began. The touching picture of his long and arduous struggle; his stupendous labors; his childlike devotion to art; his pinching poverty, so keen that it was truly said of him that he lived on a crust; his manly resolution to persevere to the end, no matter what the cost, and either to become a great sculptor and do honor to his country, or to work himself to death in the endeavor; and his final, full, triumphant success: all this has been so well told in the eulogy pronounced on his memory by his friend Mr. Hicks that it need not be repeated here.

It was in the heyday of his fame and his power —just as he was beginning to reap the reward of twenty years of arduous labor—that Death stalked into his studio. For a year or more the deadly disease was upon him before he suspected the truth. It seemed so trivial a matter—a sore eye—in comparison with the great works which he had to do before his life's race was legitimately run. But the disease grew worse and worse; the eye slowly protruded from the socket; the most powerful opiates ceased to secure the sufferer a few hours of peaceful sleep; pain of the most intense character became incessant; and at last a time came when it was a duty to tell the great sculptor that his hours were numbered, and that he must die soon. His answer—worthy close to his heroic life—was simply, "God's will be done!"

The citizens of Richmond, Virginia, have done themselves honor in erecting their monument to Washington. The time may come when not the least attraction of their city will be its possession of the last and greatest work of the great American sculptor, Crawford.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

PROSPECTS OF A FOREIGN WAR.

IT is evident that the pertinacity with which the Bill to increase the army is pressed upon the consideration of Congress rests upon some deeper motive than the necessity of subduing the Mormons. No one seriously supposes that the present force at the disposal of the Administration is inadequate to bring Brigham Young to reason. Nor does any well-informed person doubt that if additional force were requisite volunteers would answer the purpose better, and do the work more cheaply, than regular troops. Still, Senator Davis and the friends of the Administration press their Army Bill forward, as though it was a matter of vital consequence to the Government and the country.

There may be good reasons for this. The relations between this country and several of its neighbors are not in a situation to preclude the possibility of a recourse to hostilities within a brief period of time. It is impossible to foresee even for a day what may take place in Mexico; what outrages upon United States citizens the Administration may not be required to redress, or what measures it may not be compelled to take to compel the adherence of this or that revolutionary Government of Mexico to its plighted faith. The United States are on the verge of a war with the miserable despot who rules Paraguay, whose audacious outrage upon a United States vessel, over two years ago, still remains unatoned for. In Central America all is utter confusion. No satisfactory amends have ever been made by New Granada for the attack on the passengers by the Panama railroad; there is every prospect that the United States may be forced into collision with the other Central American States as soon as a serious effort is made to reopen the Nicaragua Transit route.

On another hand, it is not to be supposed that the President has ever lost sight of the considerations which induced him, three years ago, to avow the opinion that Cuba ought to be part of the United States. That opinion is not likely to have been weakened by the discovery that last year Cuba was, next to Great Britain, our largest creditor for produce sold and delivered. Since the Ostend Manifesto has been made public, moreover, a startling change has taken place in the public sentiment of Great Britain with regard to the effect of the acquisition by the United States of the Island of Cuba. It is now quite likely that, if the United States had a convenient pretext for seizing Cuba, England, at all events, would stand aloof, and prepare to take commercial advantage of the event. Of course, British sentiment is of little consequence to the Government of the United States; still, the President is not so wrong-headed as to abandon a design which he once strongly entertained because the English seem now to favor it.

Neither Senator Davis nor any of the friends of the Bill to increase the army have hinted at Mexico, Central America, Paraguay, or Cuba. But it is possible that the peculiar state of these countries, and of our relations with them, may have once or twice occurred to them, in framing the Bill. Five thousand additional soldiers would suffice for any immediate operations that might be required in the event of an open rupture with Spain, Mexico, or any Central American State. And it may further be noticed, that, while a foreign war would, almost under any circumstances, be popular with the masses of this country, it would, just at present, possess the singular advantage of diverting attention from the slavery controversy—a consummation which the President must desire to attain.

It seems possible that the Bill to increase the army may fail, if not in the Senate, at least in the House. But if it passes, it may not be absurd to prepare for trouble abroad.

THE LECOMPTON COMMITTEE.

SPEAKER ORR, in obedience to the command of the House directing him to select a committee of fifteen to inquire into the facts concerning the Lecompton Constitution, has composed his committee of nine Northern and six Southern members. True, two of the Northern men chosen voted with the Administration and against the reference to a select committee, so that, in fact, a majority of the committee were opposed to the reference; but for this we presume that so experienced a man as Speaker Orr has ample precedent. It is quite likely, in fact, that before the committee reports some changes of sentiment may take place among the members of the House; and while the attractions of office and emolument may tell upon the virtue of some of the supporters of Mr. Harris's motion, it is possible that the consideration of future re-elections may induce some of the Northern supporters of the President to reconsider the votes they gave on 8th February.

For the present Kansas is shelved. Should Mr. Harris's committee undertake to perform their task conscientiously much time must elapse before all the evidence they need can be obtained; and meanwhile the chances are imminent that the Gordian knot will be cut by the summons of a fresh Constitutional Convention by the Legislature of Kansas, and the submission to the people of a new Constitution. This contingency would necessarily put an end to the existing agitation on the subject. If not at this, certainly at the next session of Congress Kansas would be admitted with her new Constitution, and as that document would necessarily be acceptable to the Free-Soil party, a basis for further contests would be wanting.

It remains to be seen whether the politicians to whom Kansas has been so valuable of late years will permit a pacific settlement of the dispute. It could be kept open by a report of the Lecompton majority of the committee, certifying that the Constitution now before Congress needs no investigation; it would continue, if the Republicans contrived, by a judicious absence from the House, to let the State of Kansas be admitted with the Lecompton Constitution. Unless one of these two courses be pursued the chances are that, in 1860, Kansas will be buried in oblivion.

WOULD WASHINGTON HAVE FOUGHT A DUEL?

WE are rather surprised to find the editors of the *Express* joining in an outcry which has been got up by a few obscure Irish papers against Mr. Thackeray's delineation of Washington in "The Virginians." That the Irish should dislike Thackeray is simple enough. No man living has made more fun of the Irish character than Thackeray, and our Hibernian friends have not yet learned enough to join in the laugh against themselves. But why the editors of the *Express* should come to the aid of Captain Costigan and Meejor MacBallywhackgammon is not easily understood. They are men of culture, learning, and experience; how come they to have lost their reckoning so far?

Some silly people have taken Thackeray to task for his making Washington consent to fight a duel. These persons should read history and memoirs. When they do, they will find that no man of Washington's standing could, in his time, have declined to fight a duel without losing his character and being cut by his acquaintance. The proscription of the duello is of modern date; in Washington's time it was universally recognized as the *ultima ratio* of personal differences; and a man who refused to fight with his equal when challenged was set down by the best men of that day as a poltroon unworthy of social recognition. It would be as sensible to call Washington a nincompoop for his very imperfect conception of the steamboat, as it is to abuse him for consenting to meet his angry young friend Warrington in a duel.

So far as we are able to judge, Thackeray's delineation of Washington will be the most perfect in existence. We design no injustice to the able men who have written biographies of the Father of the Country when we say that none of them have drawn a household picture of the man as he really was. We have abundance of fancy sketches, and classic studies of the ideal Washington; but a life-like picture of the man as he lived, spoke, acted, thought, and demeaned himself in private, we have none. That deficiency in our literature it seems to us that Thackeray is about to fill. A ripe scholar, deeply read in American history and biography; a profound observer of character, skilled in the detection of motives and the delineation of characteristics; a thorough democrat by conviction; a genial, whole-souled, generous man; Thackeray is admirably adapted for the great task which he has undertaken; and while some may regret that the duty has not devolved upon a countryman of Washington's, it will soon be (if we mistake not) the universal sentiment of the educated people of this country, that he has achieved his performance so thoroughly and so perfectly that for many a year to come those who desire to know Washington will need to read Thackeray.

THE FAILURE OF THE COLLINS LINE.

THE Collins steamer which was advertised to leave this port on Saturday last did not do so. The daily papers state that for the present the line will be discontinued; that since the reduction in the government allowance for carrying the mails it has ceased to be a profitable enterprise, and that the owners can no longer carry it on. This result has been for some time expected. The idea that because the British Government give a large sum of money to a line of British steamers, therefore the United States Government ought to grant to an American company a monopoly of the passenger business on the Atlantic, was so preposterous, that persons who seriously entertained it could not be expected to be capable of carrying on a successful business.

There is no reason why Government should grant indemnities to ocean steamers any more than to sailing ships, railroads, or mail-coaches. Let the ocean steamers be paid for carrying the mails, and let the price be regulated by the usual laws of supply and demand. That which can be done for a thousand dollars should not cost five thousand, though by paying the larger sum the national vanity may perhaps be tickled by the construction of fine and fast-sailing ships. If the United States, with their peculiar advantages, can not maintain a line of ocean steamers without taxing the entire people of the Union to keep them afloat, then we had best stick to sailing ships, and leave the steam navigation of the ocean to John Bull.

THE AMERICAN SHIP "ADRIATIC."

EVERY one has been glad to hear that the American ship *Adriatic*, which was under seizure in a French port to await the issue of a collision case in the courts, and which, with the aid of an American vessel named the *Meagher*, broke away from its moorings and made its escape to sea, has been overhauled and taken back to port by a French war-steamer. It is also satisfactory to know that the captain, who thus disgraced himself and his country, is in irons, and will probably suffer severely for his conduct.

Such acts as this of the captains of the *Adriatic*, and of the *Meagher*, are admirably calculated to lower the American name abroad, and lessen the value of an American's word. We have been sufficiently brought into contempt already by the *chevaliers d'industrie* who have contrived to hang on, somehow, to our foreign embassies. This mean trick of these sea-captains will go to show that our politicians do not enjoy a monopoly of dishonesty. The Paris papers which we receive are already improving the affair by reiterating the sneers which were current in England ten or fifteen years ago, about the proverbial trickiness and unreliability of Americans.

It is to be hoped that the captains of these two ships may be thoroughly punished; and that, when they are, the action of the French Government and Courts may be heartily applauded by the people of this country.

SAFETY AT SEA.

A VERY excellent bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Scott to enhance the security of passengers on board ocean steamers. The bill renders it compulsory on the owners of such vessels to construct them with at least three water-tight compartments, and to provide them with boats sufficient to carry one passenger for every seven tons of the vessel's tonnage; it imposes a fine of $2000, with imprisonment from two to ten years, on any captain sailing out of port in command of a steamer not thus constructed and provided. We trust the bill will pass. Nothing is more shameful than the recklessness of life displayed by many of the owners of our ocean steamers; unless, perhaps, it be the lax manner in which the laws we have at present for the protection of passengers have been administered. We need hardly remind the public that no action has ever been taken to hold any one accountable for the lamentable loss of the *Central America*, though the report of the committee appointed to inquire into that disaster established a perfectly clear case of gross negligence and practical unseaworthiness.

THE LOUNGER.

THACKERAY'S WASHINGTON.

MANY correspondents have asked the Lounger what he thinks of the portrait of Washington as painting in "The Virginians," by Thackeray. Some of them are very furious in their denunciation of the novelist—not alone for the manner in which they conceive he has done it, but for undertaking to do it at all. "What right has *he* to show up Washington in his early life? What does *he* know about him, or about those early times in this country? He is an ill-bred, ungrateful, British Tory, who comes over and eats our dinners, and then goes home and abuses us."

Now this dinner argument is not a very strong one. In the simplest view of the case a stranger is not responsible for your asking him to dinner. You do it at your own risk; and if you think that the fact of the invitation, and the consumption of your beef and wine by the guest, has bound him in honor never to say or do any thing that you may not choose to like, the guest will probably differ from you. It is really quite difficult to see why a man may not say that the yellow fever is a very deadly disease, even if he has been asked to dine by some friend in New Orleans. When Dickens came to this country we all seemed to think that we had laid him under a profound obligation to say only the loveliest things about us, by giving him so much praise and Champagne and sponge-cake. And we have never done abusing him because he didn't pour the wine into his eyes and stuff the pudding into his ears; but accepted our hospitality as a courtesy and not as a bribe, and spoke frankly of what he saw and thought.

The argument, in its plainest form, reads thus: "I paid two dollars to hear Thackeray's lectures, and what business has he to write a novel and introduce General Washington into it?"

Didn't you get your money's worth? Didn't the lectures show you how devotedly and lovingly the author had studied the life and manners of the last century? In "Henry Esmond" did you find no unusual skill in historical story? The truth is, there is no man living better fitted, by sympathy and study, to paint the life of the last century—and in the last century American life was only English colonial life—and a century ago, at this very time, George Washington, of Virginia, was an English colonial officer. Now, if it is permitted to the novelist ever to use any real personage as an actor in his story—and of that there can be no serious doubt—will impatient correspondents please to point to any individual in the last century more conspicuously proper than George Washington to point the moral and adorn the tale? Of course the novelist undertakes it at his own risk. He measures himself by the severest standard when he aims to describe a person whose life is familiar to all his readers. And if he succeeds, it is only because he is a man of very superior talent.

And what is the fact in the present case? Simply that the young Washington—for he is about twenty one or two years of age at the time described—is represented precisely as he stands in the mind of every thoughtful and intelligent American—a young man "without a grain of wild oats," "simple," "dignified," "an honorable gentleman," who "always exhibited an extraordinary simplicity and gravity," who "had managed his mother's and his family's affairs from a very early age, and was trusted by all his friends and the gentry of his country more than persons twice his senior," "anxious to serve his king and do his duty," who fired a shot which was to "waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours (English) from us, and create the great Western Republic; to rage over the Old World when extinguished in the New, and of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow."

These are some of the author's words. They are always most respectful when speaking of the hero, but it is in the general tone of the portrait that the likeness lies. One friend writes us that he is represented as "a fortune-hunter!" Good friend, remember the Johnsonian story of not furnishing brains. It is a foolish Mrs. Mountain, another woman's toady, and a morbid spoiled son, who call him a fortune-hunter; and the point is in the contrast of his character as drawn in the book, and the absurdity of this idea of the toady and child. So in the third part of the story where Washington accepts

a challenge. Nothing can exceed the naturalness and probability of the scene, in view of the character of the young officer. Does any reader of history, who knows men, suppose for a moment that George Washington, an English colonial military officer at the age of twenty-two, a century ago, would have refused the challenge given under such circumstances as are related in the tenth chapter of "The Virginians?"

Whoever wishes to think of Washington as a prudent and accurate machine will not like any true biography of him. Those who love and venerate the character of the man, and all the more that it was so grave, and calm, and lofty, will delight to see his spring of youth painted as it really was, flushed with beautiful youthful feeling, but with all the germs of that grave repose which were afterward so majestically developed. George Washington was not a demigod; he was the first citizen of the United States. He belongs to history and literature, and any author in any country may write about him as of Julius Cæsar or Pericles—as of Russell or Sidney. What his young countrymen to-day want, most of all, is a portrait of him, so painted that they may be ashamed not to be as he was. He was a good and great man, as he is already shown in this story. To deify him is to destroy his influence forever.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

"IF not too much trouble, I would like the Lounger to answer the following question: What is the origin of the term 'blue stocking,' as applied to literary ladies? It is a lady who wishes a solution of the question."

—In Boswell's Life of Johnson "a lady" will find an account of a club of literary ladies, who used to meet to converse with literary gentlemen. One of the latter was Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore a splendid pair of blue stockings. Hence it became a proverb, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings;" and the name was gradually transferred to the club, and to the ladies who composed it.

ANNUAL VISITATION OF BISHOP VALENTINE.

THIS good Bishop has just made his annual visit. He is the only Bishop who can be claimed by no sect, but who is welcomed in all houses of every faith. Where he was born, or where he lived, or why he is so named, are questions which may disturb the speculations of daily papers, and even occasion an overflow of erudition. But who cares to count the silver hairs, or watch for the accent, or invade the sweet privacy, which hides his individuality? The gods came and went in clouds. They appeared and disappeared; and so, when the time is full, all the windows and all young hearts herald his blithe coming, and on one bright day the whole world is his diocese, and Valentine blesses all.

Some political newspapers are troubled because the designs that honor the day are not altogether beautiful. Addicted to the virulence of heated discussion, they can not allow for the imperfect effort, and see in the ugly result the beautiful endeavor. Of course, political editors send only Shakespearian verses and Titianesque pictures upon parchment, perfumed with the blest Araby, to their valentines. But every thing in its kind. Grudge not the news-boy his lesser art, nor suppose that the pleasure is proportioned to the excellence of the picture.

The fastidious daily papers complain of the hideous Valentine prints! They might as well grumble at the bird-pairing spring, because there are bitter days in March. If they wish comfort—if they wish to know what loyalty to Valentine yet survives—let them ponder the following tender and tremulous solicitation of destiny, which flutters on a soft, warm south wind into the Lounger's hand:

VALENTINE.

She is lovely and I love her, though as yet I dare not speak;
All were lost to me, perchance, should I my breathless silence break;
Now, at least, I dare to gaze forever on that dear young face—
Dare to follow all her footsteps—dare to haunt her dwelling-place.

Is there love in those shy glances, as they gently rest on me?
Is there hope in those sweet blushes, as they deepen while they flee?
May I deem the first faint tremblings of that virgin heart my own?
Can I dare to trust the tenderness that lingers in her tone?

Dream thus fondly, dream thus ever, if thou canst, oh, weary heart!
Think not of the hopeless years that lie before thee when we part;
Let a long and sunny future cheat thee with its promised bliss;
Youth is *not* forever vanished, or thou could'st not love like this!

Eyes can gaze as fondly, dearest, 'neath a care-worn, wrinkled brow,
As before the locks that shadow them were silver-tinged as now;
Yet thy wealth of youth and beauty, and thy spirit glad and free,
Can they mate with one who offers but a heart that yearns for thee?

If she loves me, in that moment I am young forevermore;
If she leaves me, I am old, and life's sweet spring is o'er;
Yet I linger, fearing ever, on the threshold of my joy,
Or perhaps beside the gateway that opens to destroy.

Let me bask a little longer in that pure and fearless smile;
Let me linger in the sunshine but yet a little while;
For cold the mists will gather round my pathway dark and slow,
When her sweet lips once have uttered a kind and pitying No!

ALMS.

A CERTAIN club in a certain town writes to the Lounger that it has recently organized itself, and wishes to establish a reading-room—the only reading-room in the county—and will the *Weekly* be sent for nothing?

Now will the club look at it a moment? There is a certain *county* in a certain State in this country—a whole county—which professes to want a reading-room, and yet a county which can not pay two dollars and a half for the paper it wants. Why shouldn't every reading-club in every county, or city, or village, in the country, ask the same thing? Why shouldn't the Lounger, in the name of the *Weekly*, ask the very people in the very county he is speaking of, who want the paper given to them, to send him a few barrels of apples, and some bushels of potatoes, and a year's supply of beef, and pork, and bread? It would be precisely what they ask the *Weekly* to do for them; and if it would be fair, as they will not deny, then why not send the equivalent in money?

The *Weekly* costs two dollars and fifty cents a year. How much is that apiece for the inhabitants of the county?

The club may say that it merely asked for information. In that case the Lounger has great pleasure in communicating the intelligence that it is impossible to furnish the *Weekly* gratis—as the club will easily see if the members will apply the principle to hay and molasses.

Secondly, the club may say that it asked because it supposed one copy made no difference to the publishers. But will any member, when he is in the city, step into Stewart's and ask for a pair of gloves for himself, or a silk dress for his wife, on the principle that a single pair or a single dress make no difference to the merchant?

Finally, for the information of all counties and clubs, the Lounger will state this great truth, free of charge (excepting the five cents a number), that the business of publishing is not pursued merely as a pleasant pastime; that even the funniest books are not published for the fun of the thing, but for the profit of the thing; and that, although books will continue to grow in men's minds and experiences so long as there are men—just as seed will germinate in the earth so long as there is an earth—yet the hoeing, and digging, and weeding, and watering, and harvesting, and bringing to market, both of books and crops, is a matter of calculation and hard business, and until the farmer is willing to give the publisher a ton of straw whenever the publisher wants to suck cider, he has no right to ask the publisher to give him a newspaper whenever he wants to be entertained.

TREASURE TROVE.

WHEN a fisher sets his net, he does not know but he may catch a casket like that of the Arabian tale. And why not? for in the ocean there are pearls and flowers, and why should not he be the lucky one to trap some of

"The pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea?"

But there are pearls and opals and rubies that have not the form of precious stones; there are deep-colored flowers that have no fragrance—for words may have the splendor of gems and the beauty of flowers. Therefore, when the Lounger spread his net, in the form of a Letter-box, he hoped to find sometimes rare treasures; hoped that choice verses and dainty conceits and sweet fancies would come floating in—and he has surely not been disappointed.

Last week he had the honor of introducing to the public a sonnet upon Shakespeare, by Mrs. Fanny Kemble; and this week he wreathes his column with two more garlands woven by the same hand.

LINES WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

BY FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Oh, Lesbian! if thy faith were mine,
Then might I, in that Summer Sea,
Seek for a slumber sound as thine,
Beneath thy rock of Leneady.

But though the waves, with death's control,
Might still the fever in each vein,
Alas! they can not drown my soul,
The citadel of all my pain.

This weary, restless, wretched strife
I can not bear—I can not flee—
'Tis more than death—'tis all of life,
And parcel of eternity.

MORNING BY THE SEA.

BY FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

With these two kisses on thine eyes,
I melt thy sleep, away—arise!
For look, my Love, Phœbus his golden hand
Hath laid upon the white mane of the sea;
And springing from the blue deep gloriously,
He glances keen o'er the long, level strand.
Now come his horses up all snorting fire,
The lovely morning hours, hymning their choir
Of triumph, circle round the royal sun,
And the great pageant of the day's begun!
Come! let me lock in mine thy hand,
And pace we with swift feet this smooth and sparkling sand.

See how the swollen ridges of the waves
Curl into gold green crystal caves,
Rising and rounding,
Rolling and resounding,
Breaking and rebounding,
And melting into curves of creamy spray,
Sweep with their wavy line the far-indented bay.

The little bark, that by the sheltering shore
Folded her wings and rocked herself to sleep,
Shakes out her pinions to the breeze once more,
And, like a swallow, dips, and skims the deep.

Hail welcome day! hail miracle of light!
Hail wondrous resurrection from the night!
Hail glorious earth! hail ocean fearful-fair!
Hail ye sweet breezes of fresh vital air!
Hail thou, my love! my life, my air, my light!
Soul of my day! my morning, noon, and night!

ANONYMOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAR SALLIE, believe a venerable Lounger when he says that you are playing with edged tools. Of course a man who writes as your correspondent does, is not so simple as to suppose your friend in earnest. Young women, beware of the letters of the Alphabet when they advertise for wives, and send notes signed "Fitz-Maurice," and "James Taylor," and "Smith," through the Post-office. They mean nothing good or honorable. Before you suspect it you are in their power, and there is nothing so remorselessly despotic as "Your tenderly devoted S." and "Your sincere friend X." Never try to pull a rope of which the other end is held by a man you can not see. You will find yourself hanging, suddenly. Whoever means to play fair, plays in the daylight. May all the Lounger's friends, Sallie, remember it, and profit by it!

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

THE most striking announcement in the programme of ceremonies for the marriage of the Princess Royal of England is, that the press may appear in their ordinary black dress-suits instead of the Court costume. The reservation is made for the press only. The diplomatic corps, the nobility, the other guests, must all attend in some kind of extraordinary clothing, but the journalists may come in black coats. It is the formal recognition of the fourth estate by the first. It is a deference to the supposed unwillingness of some of the sturdy democrats to wear a court livery. To be sure, the sturdy democrats might urge that the prescription of any dress, even that of a black dress-suit, is also an invasion of their free choice, and a constraint upon the judgment of the independent press. But when we reflect how inflexible is the etiquette of any court, and how little disposed courts have always been to concede any thing to the newspapers, this exceptional movement, at such a time, may be considered the high-water mark of the position and influence of the press.

There must have been few sights so touching at the august ceremony as the pure and beautiful Press clad in chaste and respectable black,—

"Clothed all in broadcloth with choker to the chin,
How d'ye do, and how d'ye do, and how d'ye do again?"

OUR LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Please don't think me a ferocious Radical because I go to you 'without an appointment,' and say 'I want to know.'

"I do want to know several things, and am sure that nobody *can* help me if you *won't*.

"It has been said by some wise people, you know, that the great ones of old are re-created now and then, and sent back to earth again. It was that *smart* (don't like the word, but it suits) Disraeli, I believe, who recognized Ulysses in Louis Philippe. He found this out before Mr. Louis left France so suddenly that day, or it might never have been discovered.

"Now 'I want to know' if any great spirits have come among us yet—any of the gallant souls of whom we read, and exclaim, 'History is more beautiful than Fiction!'—who have filled the common earth with the fragrance of their deeds, as it were; thus bidding us love and hope for poor Humanity, spite of its ill-doing.

"If Philip Sidney, Walter Raleigh, or Gonsalvo Cordova have come back, please get them to write to you; then do, dear Mr. Lounger, let *us women* know all they say. We poor things want to be battled for in a different style from that which the 'strong-minded' adopt.

"We want the Whiskerandos—those puny sneerers at age, ugliness, poverty, and good sense—put down forever. If we are ugly, these people sneer at us; if we even hint at being young, they laugh; if we dress and strive to look well, they pronounce us weak. Yet if we are too poor to dress they neglect us, and if ugly or old they make horrid remarks about us. What are we to do?

"Do get some of the 'Gentle Knights' to battle for us. *They* will know how to make the Whiskerandos feel that they are *little*. They will tell them in good round terms that woman's weakness can with justice be laid to man's door, *because each sex cultivates what the other most approves*. Those gentle knights know well enough that Ridicule, with her sharps weapons, has laid low many a proud statesman, poet, and philosopher, whose armor has been wrought in the strong places *open only to men*. Then the knights—who never attack the defenseless—may tell the Whiskerandos that they are cowardly, and may ask them what it is which *they* bid woman to seek, in return for the noble spirit which she too often vainly endeavors to quicken in them. The knights will not say—I think—that man owes nothing to woman for the high things which he seeks.

"Dear Lounger, I wish the gallant knights knew how much we women love gentleness and valor. How we need them both in such a world—the one to soothe, the other to protect. The hope that some gallant souls have come back, and are now in our beloved country, is all that keeps some of us alive.

"Do tell *me* if that sweetest oddity—that quaintest, dearest blending of chivalry and pathos—has got back?—Charles Lamb, I mean. I would wait a hundred years for word from him, and live happily on the expectation.

"Yours, hopefully, SAGACITY IRONSIDES."

—Surely MRS. IRONSIDES's experience ought to answer her letter. Can any thoughtful person (like herself) live to her years (number not stated) and seriously ask whether courtesy, enterprise, and quaintness—or, in other words, Sidney, Raleigh, or Lamb—still survive?

Dear Madame, we all move in that fine society. The world was never fuller of brave men and lovely women than it is to-day. If you allow yourself to observe that the seams of some hero's coat are a little rusty, you may begin to doubt whether the Chevalier Bayard ever wore a soiled velvet doublet. But don't disbelieve in the hero. Believe in him, even if you don't yet see him. Never doubt the existence of the noblest men in every period, until you doubt whether the stars shine as brightly over you as they did over Greece two thousand years ago.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

SAW-DUST LITERATURE.

ONE proof of the rapid advancement of the American Mind—whether it "advances backward" or forward I will leave it to Mr. Emerson to say—may be found in the current literature of the day—the newspapers, the ballads, the plays, and the play-bills. We are growing excessively grandiloquent and florid in our style. We delight in words of many syllables; we rejoice to sit, dictionary in hand, and to cull what are irreverently termed "jaw-breakers." I gave, a week or two since, some choice bits from Mr. Jeames Yellowplush's Washington correspondence, which illustrated what is called one "feature" of daily journalism. The Union would go to pieces did not Mr. Yellowplush tell us what Mrs. Jones of Arkansas wore at the ball given by the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury; and the bonds of paternity between the North and the South would have been irremediably snapped had not the aforesaid Jeames been permitted to learn the particulars of Mr. Speaker's first dinner-party.

Jeames having saved the Union, has left Washington for a time, and has attached himself as private secretary to a showman. This showman, it appears, had a "Dream of Chivalry." Jeames says that it, "although but a feeble conception of the days of classic splendor, serves to convey an idea of the times of the tilt and tourney; the living panorama, the long line of brilliant animations, the spirited combats, the exciting emulations, the nervous strifes, the impassioned struggles for the crown of victory, bring us back again to the days of knightly power, when bravery and beauty actuated men to the accomplishment of deeds great and glorious."

If that is not "pretty" writing I have never read any. The author of "The Sanguinary Cabman; or, the Deserted Vest-maker," or the poet who wrote "Sweetly sang the Martingale," could not do better. Indeed I do not remember any more thrilling or elegant bit of description in Ethelinda's great work, for the publication of which subscriptions are coming in rapidly—that is, they will come in when "things begin to expand." Young Foozle would subscribe, but, you know, the Governor has gone and cut off every thing, and a fellow can't even get enough for his necessities (cigars and billiards), to say nothing of luxuries (literature). I should like to see young Foozle the next time he enters the presence of the brighest and the best; Louis Napoleon in the Rue Lepellitier was a great deal safer.

However, the great work is only postponed through the "tightness" of the publishers. Jeames will "do" an introductory address to the public in the style of the above extract, and an eminent British critic (writer for *Punch*, of course), at present somewhat affected pecuniarily by the "crisis," has promised to "make it all right" with the Squashtown *Banner of Universal Liberty* (he is the special New York correspondent of that able journal), "for ten dollars." "Cheap enough, I'm *sure*," said the fair authoress, to which I assented. They say that the men in the Custom-house "make a good thing of it, one way and another." That's a very comprehensive phrase; but I adopt it to illustrate our plan with regard to the great work, which the last *Banner* says "is anxiously waited for in literary and fashionable circles."

WHITE LIES.

THE statement of Dr. Mackay (see *Illustrated News*) that the New York firemen have drinking-bars in the "parlors" of their engine-houses.

That Lola Montes is an eloquent orator.

That Tammany Hall is to be moved to the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place.

That the daily papers have resolved not to write any thing more about Kansas.

That the butcher's bill of a resident of the Fifth Avenue never amounts to over seven dollars per month.

That the musical critics have all committed suicide for lack of employment.

That the "first families" go to actresses' benefits "in full dress."

That the red petticoat is going to be the rage.

That the omnibus horses don't appreciate the "luxury of wo(e)" on the Breadway pavement.

That the "Bride of an Hour" has been reconciled to "George."

That rents will be lower after the first of May.

The statement of Colonel Bomb, of the Louisiana Irregulars, that the army will be increased, and that then "something will be done for him."

That the Calico Ball was an economical affair.

That Professor Longfellow wrote "My Mary Ann."

That the Harpers pay the writer of these papers one hundred dollars an article (which they ought).

THE BANNER OF PEACE.

PERHAPS you don't know where Ludlow Street is. There are a great many ignorant people in the world, and so I don't wonder at your lack of topographical information. Singularly enough, there are a great many things which I don't know. For instance, I never know what day of the month it is, and have great respect for any one who does. Well, if you desire to find out about Ludlow Street, look in the Directory. That unfashionable avenue, Ludlow Street, is just now the scene of one of the most interesting events of the day. There, a new general has hung out his banner, not to filibuster in Mexico, or to enlist men of battle to eat up the Mormons, but a standard of peace, good-will to men. There, a man of the people feeds the people without money and without price. As it is not convenient to put his name in letters of gold, it will be proper, if you please, Mr. Glen, to write it in small capitals, thus: JOHN WASHINGTON FARMER. He has fitted up a neat room, where, from six in the morning till eleven in the evening of every day, he dispenses good, plain dinners to all who are poor and hungry. His dinner-parties number sometimes as many as three hundred guests, all of whom are treated with as much consideration as you, Mr. Editor, would show to me if you saw fit to give me a special dinner at Delmonico's, which you don't, more's the pity (for you, of course). All this Mr. Farmer pays for out of his own pocket, and gives his personal attendance. We read about men who devote themselves to the public service by making long speeches, taking large salaries, or killing a great many Indians; but if *they* are to be honored, what should be given to this man who, as they say, is only a mechanic? All will agree, nevertheless, that he displays the highest traits of a true Christian gentleman. The blessings of the poor and hungry shall spring up like never-fading flowers to smooth the pathway of his glorious life. May he live a thousand years, and may his tribe increase!

THE OLD LULL HOUSE.

THE OLD LULL HOUSE.

THE accompanying very spirited and picturesque engraving represents the celebrated "Old Lull House," a relic of old Indian times, named after the family in whose possession it has been for more than a century. It stands in Byfield, a short distance from Newburyport, and is one of the most ancient houses in the country. It was built as early as 1660 for a garrison-house, and was the scene of the massacre, by the savages, of Goodrich, the chaplain of the garrison. He was shot while at prayer on Sunday evening, the ball passing through the first window on the right of the front door. His grave is underneath the small tree, which is seen in the picture, on the right of the house.

The house was built to resist a modern bombardment, instead of a flight of stone-headed arrows from the bows of the wild men. The timbers are of white oak, from a foot to twenty inches square, which have become hardened by age to the consistency of iron. The space between the posts is filled up with brick-work, which is exposed where the boarding has fallen off, as shown in the engraving, the whole being covered with a double course of boards of the same indestructible wood with the frame. The huge chimneys contain bricks enough to build quite a block of modern houses.

Thus runs the tale: Cantowit was a younger son of the chief of the Quescacunquen tribe of Indians, who inhabited the banks of the Parker River, where their remains, and many interesting relics of them, are still found in great numbers. He attracted the attention of Mr. Goodrich by his natural talents and his fidelity to the English, and became in time a constant visitor at the Garrison House, though, as Goodrich began at last to mistrust, more to seek the society of his daughter, Anna, a girl of fourteen years, than to profit by the endeavors of the chaplain to convert him from the errors of paganism. Once when the good man was enlarging upon the beauties of the "New Jerusalem," and of the angelic inhabitants, Cantowit interrupted him with the question, "Do the angels look like Anna?"

Goodrich, however, did not aspire to an alliance with the sachem's family, and was at last obliged, in order to avoid the troublesome pertinacity with which the Indian pressed his suit, to forbid him the house.

This slight his majesty (?) laid up in his heart for future reference. About a year after this the attack on the house was planned by the New Hampshire Indians, a tribe who were friendly to the Quescacunquens; but whether they were incited to it by Cantowit, or whether it was a quarrel of their own in which our hero subsequently took a hand for the advancement of his own ends, is not known. At any rate he was in their confidence, and held a hand in the game which took the "queen of hearts." After the massacre of the father the daughter was taken captive and carried first to New Hampshire, and afterward, to elude pursuit, to Canada, with her Indian lover either in the company of her captors or following fast behind.

Time and the presence of the handsome young chief assuaged at length her grief at the loss of her father, and her own exile, and on Cantowit's consenting to adopt the habits of civilization, she gave him her hand, and for more than three-score and ten years lived with him as his wife.

At the age of ninety years, after Cantowit was dead and his tribe extinct, she bade adieu to her adopted home, and traveled back to the home of her childhood. The grandfather of the writer of this sketch, then a boy of a dozen years, led her through the once familiar rooms of the old house, and out to her father's grave. Strangers dwelt in those rooms. Strangers occupied the lands around which were rightfully her husband's inheritance; and the stranger's plow-share had even disturbed the sod over the grave of her sire. Every thing was changed. She remained for an hour in a state of intense abstraction, then turning to my grandfather with a deep-drawn sigh, she said, "There is something wrong here—I must go home." She would have started the same night back to Canada, but was of course prevented, as the neighbors saw she was exhausted from travel, and that death at best was not far off. She retired to rest that night in the house of a friend, and in the morning was found lifeless in her bed. She had gone home.

THE NEW CAPITAL OF CANADA—OTTAWA CITY.

OUR Canadian readers will be glad to see the accompanying picture of their new capital, the

OTTAWA CITY, THE NEW CAPITAL OF CANADA.

city of Ottawa, on the river of the same name, in Western Canada.

Ottawa City has just been selected by the government of Great Britain to be the capital of Canada. For the benefit of readers in the United States, a few words of explanation as to this selection may be necessary. Previous to the union of the provinces of Upper or Western, and Lower or Eastern Canada, each province had a capital of its own—the two fortunate cities being Quebec and Toronto. At the union of the provinces, which followed the rebellion of 1837-'38, Montreal was selected as the capital of United Canada. In the course of a year or two, the Upper Canadians complaining that Montreal was not central enough, the seat of government was transferred to Kingston. There it remained some years; but two governors dying there, a prejudice arose against the place, and Montreal was once more chosen as the capital. In 1849 a mob in that city, in a fit of rage at the passage of an unpopular act of Parliament, burned down the Parliament Houses and menaced the Governor's life, upon which the government was removed from the place. To satisfy both extremities of the province, a scheme analogous to that in use by our Connecticut neighbors was adopted. It was determined that the government should be located alternately at Toronto and Quebec, each city holding the honor for four years. Accordingly, in 1849, the Governor and departments were removed to Toronto. In due time they migrated to Quebec, and again, at the quadrennial period, they relapsed to Toronto. This peripatetic system, however, was objectionable in many respects. The cost of each removal was very large, and there was no slight risk of losing valuable records in the transits. So, after two or three journeys to and fro, the legislative body of Canada, finding it impossible to persuade the members from the several districts of the province to agree upon any one city, decided to choose an outside arbitrator, and the Queen was naturally suggested for the office. She has decided, as we said, in favor of Ottawa City.

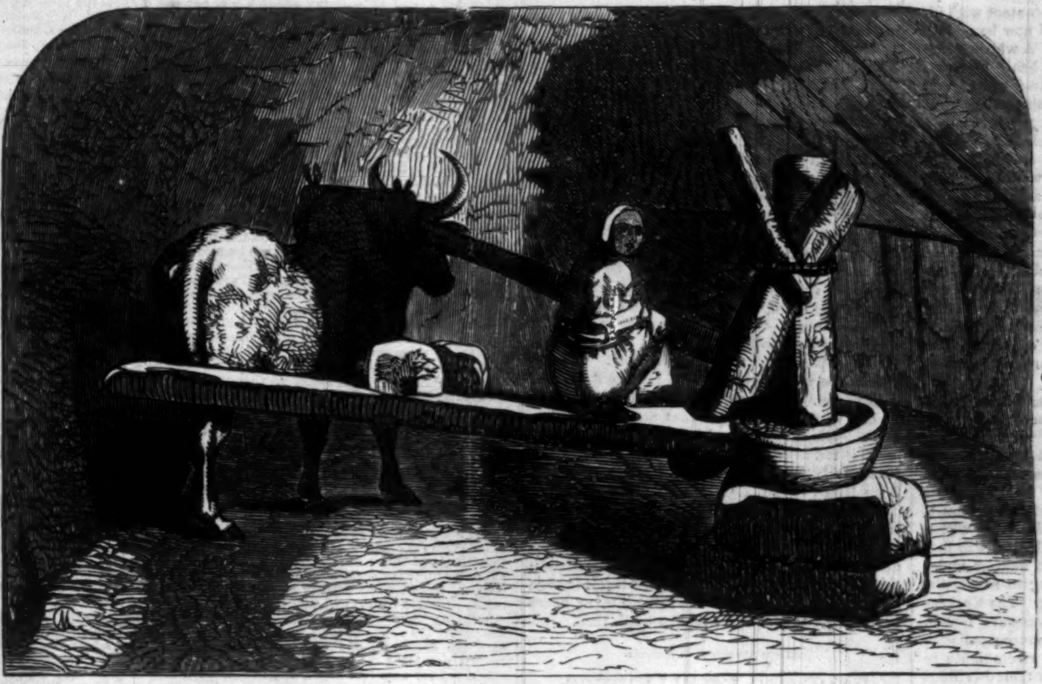
The first settler at or near Ottawa City was a Massachusetts man named Wright, who built his log-hut there in 1800, and brought up a large family on the border of the rapids of Ottawa. Subsequently, the war of 1812-'14 teaching the British that it would be well for them to have a communication with the lakes which was not liable to a sudden interruption from Ogdensburg, an officer of engineers, named Colonel By, was directed to construct a canal through the swamps and lakes between Kingston and the waters of the Ottawa. He built the canal, which is known as the Rideau Canal; and a few huts, sheds, and store-houses, which were erected on the Ottawa at the terminus of the canal for the convenience of the men employed, were erected into a town by the name of Bytown.

In course of time the abundance of valuable timber on the upper waters of the Ottawa River attracted settlers to Bytown, and it became a thriving place. Portions of the adjacent land are fertile, and agricultural settlers were induced to prefer it to the favorite sites between the lakes. Several enterprising timber firms established agencies at Bytown, erected mills in the vicinity, and built slides for timber. A number of that valuable class of settlers—Protestants from the north of Ireland—selected the vicinity of the town as their home. Altogether, the site was fortunate, and the town prospered.

In 1855 the progress of Bytown was so marked that the people grew tired of the old name, and desired to disentangle their fortunes from the memory of the builder of the very ornamental, but not particularly useful, Rideau Canal. They obtained leave to call their city Ottawa City instead of Bytown, and at the same time they put in their plea as a candidate for the honors of the capital, urging the superiority of their town over other Canadian cities in view of its central location, its remoteness from the United States frontier, and the inoffensive character of its people. We have mentioned their success.

Ottawa City is supposed to contain about 1200 inhabitants. It is a fine city, well laid out, and very picturesquely situate. It contains the usual churches, public buildings, mills, etc. The chief business of the people is getting out lumber and sending it to Quebec for sale.

The Ottawa River, on which the city stands, is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. Finer scenery than that which adorns its banks can not be found any where. Whether it derives its name from the old tribe of "Ottawas," who are now dying out on Manitoulin Island, in Lake Huron, or whether they borrowed their name from it, can never be known. The word signifies, strangely enough, "the human ear."



A MILL OF THE UPPER COUNTRY.

NATIVE LIFE IN INDIA.

It has become the fashion lately for artists who have obtained some character and reputation at home to wander abroad "in search of the picturesque;" and to this fashion we who stay at home are indebted for many novel and faithful illustrations of foreign life, manners, and customs. Thus Mr. Marshall Claxton, a well-known painter, contributes some excellent sketches of Life in India, three of which we engrave for our readers on this page.

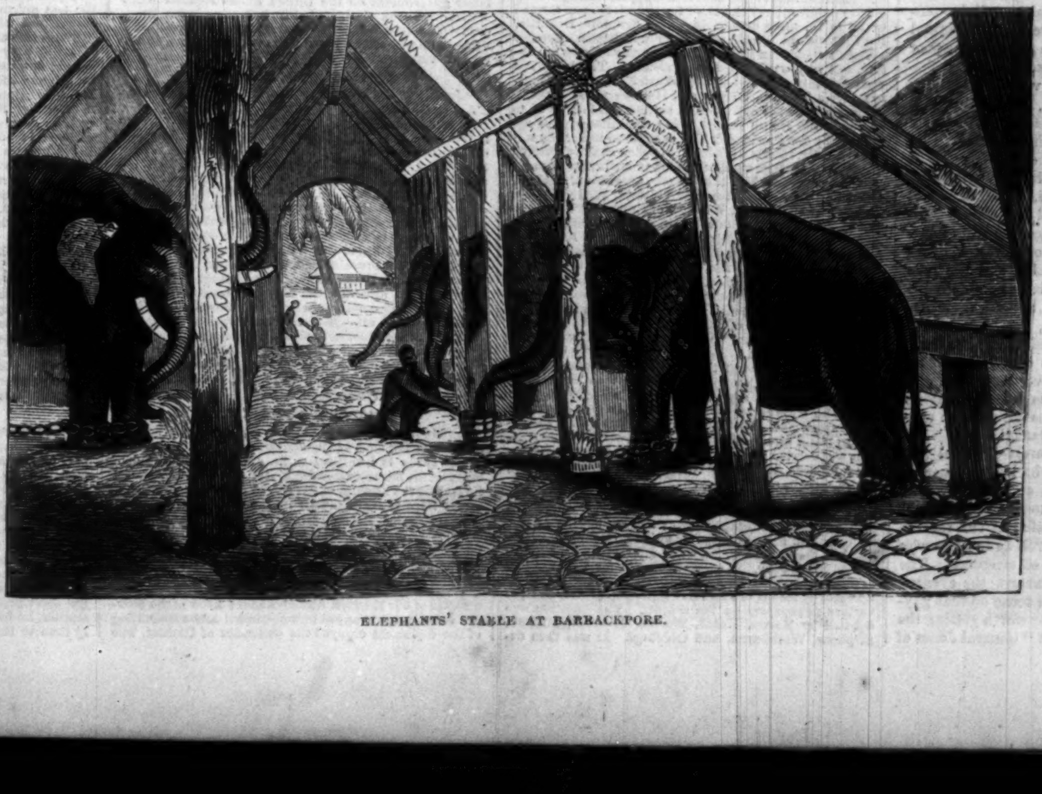
In our first engraving is shown the manner of grinding grain in the northern provinces of India. The principal food of the people of Hindostan is rice in Bengal, and wheat in the North and the interior. The great mass of the people are cultivators of the soil. The farms are in general small, and the wealth of the farmer is estimated by the number of bullocks he owns. The implements of husbandry are rude to the last degree, little or no improvement having been made for ages in any of the most important farm-tools. Labor and living, however, are cheap, and thorough and laborious cultivation makes up for rudeness of tools. With the light wooden plow, to which are hitched two bullocks, the fields are plowed and replowed, often a dozen times, till the soil is reduced to a fine powder. The reaping is done by hand. Thrashing is performed by bullocks, who are driven over the sheaves spread on the ground. Large fans are used for winnowing the grain; and the straw is used for cattle fodder, hay being unknown in India.

When farms are not worked by families, villages unite for that purpose, lightening the labor by union of effort. The villagers live simple and happy lives. They are generally very poor; but their necessities are small, and their palm-thatched bamboo huts, containing a few mats, a few dishes, an iron plate for baking cakes, and a few cooking utensils, form a sufficiency for them. The mill is the property of the village, and its use is common to all. The farmers generally leave their huts early in the morning, and do not return till nightfall; laboring cheerfully all day for their pittance. Writers on India state that, notwithstanding the rudeness of their implements, the natives have a thorough, though traditional, knowledge of the rotation of crops and other arts of keeping up the virtues of the soil; and Europeans with superior instruments, capital, and knowledge, have rarely been able to compete profitably with the humble ryot on his own soil.

STROLLING PLAYERS OF THE UPPER COUNTRY.

In our next engraving, Mr. Claxton has depicted a party of the strolling players and jugglers who go about the country, from station to station, in rude bullock-carts, amusing the humble villagers upon feast and holidays by their antics. Reclining upon the cart beneath the shelter of the carpet-awning are seen the natch girls, whose graceful dances and monotonous singing are unfailing accompaniments to every feast or celebration, religious or secular, in India. These girls are devoted to this profession from childhood up. Their dances require great attention, the dancer's feet being hung with small bells, which sound in concert with the music. In youth the women are often very beautiful, and always shapely, lithe, and of graceful carriage. They compose a separate class, live under the direct protection of government, and are governed by special laws. It is noteworthy that the lithe, graceful, and healthy shapes of the Indian women are the result of a habit of carrying light burdens upon the head, to which they are trained from early youth. This strengthens the spine, expands the chest, and forms the back and shoulders, while it produces at the same time the erect and elastic gait which is so generally admired. It would not be amiss to introduce this among the exercises of our calistheneums.

The jugglers of India have long been noted for their adroitness, bodily activity, and the slightness of the means with which they produce the most surprising effects. Dr. Fryer relates that he saw a man actually swallow a jack chain, and cause it to jingle in his stomach. Another, "by suction or drawing of his breath, so contracted his lower belly that it had nothing left to support it, but fell flat upon his loins, the midriff being forced into the thorax, and the muscles of the abdomen as clearly marked out by the stiff tendons of the linea alba as by the most accurate dissection could be made apparent, he moving each row like living columns." Mr. Johnson gives an accurate account of a native who swallowed a sword—or rather a stout iron rod—twenty-six inches in length, an inch in breadth, and one-fifth of an inch in thickness. Having oiled the instrument, the fellow stretched up his neck, and, bending backward a little, pushed the sword gently down his throat, "until my hand,



ELEPHANTS' STABLE AT BARRACKPORE.

which was on the handle, came in contact with his lips." The point of the rod could now be plainly felt between his breast and navel. A whirling firework was fixed on the handle, and being fired, surrounded the juggler with a blue flame, while he sat calmly, but rather stiffly, before his audience. It was noticed that on withdrawing the instrument several parts of it were spotted with blood. Warren Hastings records that he saw a man actually *walk* about in the water as one would on land, without extraneous machinery or assistance.

Our third illustration shows an elephant stable at Barrackpore—rather a gigantic building. The elephant is the chief draught animal of India. Most of the wealthy men keep elephants as objects of luxury. In war they are of the greatest use in moving artillery and baggage; and their docility and power are made use of in a thousand different ways. Elephants are almost as common in the streets of Indian cities as horses are in the streets of New York.

They are caught in their wild state by being enticed by decoy beasts into an inclosure prepared for the purpose, which is surrounded by a strong fence and deep ditch. They are tamed by a thorough course of starvation, and, being securely fastened to trees, are afterward fed by their future mahouts or attendants. It is a singular fact that the existence of a race of thorough cannibals, living within two hundred and fifty miles of Calcutta, was first discovered by a troop of elephant hunters under Major Gairdner, who were hunting to supply the Government stables at Chittagong. The Kookees—as these people called themselves—are low in stature, have protuberant bellies, muscular limbs, harsh features, and bear a strong resemblance to the monkey tribe. They construct their dwellings in the boughs of trees. So ferocious are they that Major Gairdner's parties had always to go fully armed, and yet several men were killed and eaten by them. One poor fellow, caught off his guard, was devoured before the life-blood was cold in his veins. An individual of this tribe was caught, and endeavors were made to civilize him, but his old habits were too strong upon him. After some months of good behavior, he murdered a fellow-workman, and was detected feasting upon the body; whereupon he was immediately hung up by the civil authorities of Chittagong.

LITERARY.

We have on our table this week two translations of Guerazzi's novel, Beatrice Cenci, one by Luigi Monti, published by Rudd & Carleton, the other by Mrs. Watts Sherman, published by Mason Brothers.

This book is not, as advertised by the publishers, "the book of the age." It is in point of fact a very stiff and stupid novel, violating history as atrociously as an Italian bandit violates law, and murdering truth for the purposes of the story as recklessly as Orsini and his companions murdered Parisians for the sake of reaching the Emperor.

The story of *the* Beatrice should never be told except on a sunny afternoon in the Barberini palace, when one can stand before those inexpressibly mournful eyes, which seem even now to speak the agony and shame, mingled with sublime patience and faith, of the wronged and murdered girl, and hear some enthusiastic Italian whisper the simple and thrilling details. This book destroys all the splendor of her character by its affectations, and ruins the interest of her story by its absurd romances.

Guido has written the story of Beatrice Cenci on canvas with his pencil. Those eyes tell the whole; and no novelist—certainly no Guerazzi—can hope to share the fame of the author, or better by any translations the history which that picture records.

Speaking of that picture, let us remark in passing that the Beatrice was never copied but once. The numberless pictures that abound in galleries and private collections, print-shops and auction-rooms, are copies of a copy at the best, for the proprietors of the palace of which it is the chief treasure (even before the Fornarina of Raphael, which hangs on the same walls) have never allowed an artist to enter the room with pencil in hand, except in one instance. This one copy is possessed by a Florentine artist, and from it have sprung all the copies. But no one of all that we have seen conveys an approximate idea of the almost divine tenderness and melancholy of the eyes in that original which the painter sketched in the prison of the poor victim the day before she was executed.

From writing of the Beatrice, we pass naturally to the next book on our table, European Acquaintance, by J. W. De Forest, published by Harper & Brothers; for the author starts in Florence. He gives us a pleasant chat with Greenough, and takes us along with him to Venice, and thence to Graefenberg, Divenne, Paris, here and there, and back to Florence and the Cascine, always with sparkling reminiscence, amusing anecdote and adventure, the keen observation of an educated and wide-awake traveler, and the love of incident and amusement which so much helps to make travel delicious. The book is more devoted to people than to places, yet the traveled reader will enjoy passing allusions to incidents which will remind him of his own life abroad. Who that has been in it will ever forget the omnibus gondola at Venice, and the funeral thoughts that one who sails in it struggles with all the way from the station to the Hotel Danieli.

We have found Mr. De Forest a genial and hearty traveling companion, who looks at men as we like to have our ally look at them, gives us their "skeletons" at once without hesitation, and we commend him to the attention of our readers who have not been abroad, as well as to those who have, as the most delightful of cicerones. The sketches of the Cascine at Florence, the evening drive, the music, and the whole scene on that gayest of assembly places, are alone worth getting the book to read, to say nothing of "General Jones of Baltimore," and other worthy Americans who figure here and there in these amusing pages.

Let us look at home. Here is an octavo of Early Indiana Trials and Sketches, by Hon. O. H. Smith, a gentleman who has grown with the growth of the State to whose historical treasures he adds this volume, which is published by Moore, Wilstach, & Co., of Cincinnati. Books of this class are eminently valuable in a historical point of view. They are the observations of a contemporary, the notes of an intelligent active man in life, which are infinitely more important than all the reasonings, collections, and deductions of the professional historian. The History of the United States has not yet been written; and when it shall be compiled, such works as this will be the sources from which great stores of information will be drawn.

The volume is readable, abounding in anecdote and personal reminiscence of courts, judges, juries, civilians, poets, and artists of all kinds. The author has sound sense and good judgment, with a skillful pen. We apprehend no Indiana man, and no one who has friends in that State, will fail to find something of personal interest in these pages.

"White Lies." This new play—performed so successfully for weeks at Laura Keene's Theatre—is published by Mr. Roorbach.

Kenilworth appears in Ticknor & Fields's edition of Waverley, with the sweet face of Amy Robsart looking at us from the vignette title-page of the first volume. We have but one objection to this edition of Waverley; to wit, that its clear page and beautiful type tempt us to lose too many hours in reading the books over for the tenth time.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 8th February, in the Senate, Senator Allen presented resolutions from the Rhode Island Legislature against the Lecompton Constitution. Senator Seward presented a petition from New York for schoolmasters for seamen. The Kansas question was then taken up, and after a long discussion, in which Messrs. Fessenden, Seward, Benjamin, Clay, Hunter, and Davis participated, the motion to refer the President's Kansas Message to the Committee on Territories, with instructions to inquire into the number and legality of the votes cast in Kansas, and empowering the Committee to send for persons and papers, was lost by a vote of 22 to 28. The Message was then referred to the Committee on Territories. Senator Douglas hoped the Senate would take up his resolution calling on the President for information relative to Kansas; but Senator Mason moved an adjournment, which was carried by 27 to 23.——In the House, the first business in order, in pursuance of the bargain of Saturday morning, was a vote on the previous question on the several motions to refer the President's Kansas Message. This being carried, Mr. Stephens's motion to refer the Message to the Committee on Territories was put and lost by 113 to 114. Mr. Clark, of New York, asked to be excused from voting on the following motion, but by a vote of 106 to 89 the House refused to excuse him. The motion of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, to refer the President's Message to a select committee of fifteen, with instructions to inquire into the votes cast in Kansas, with power to send for persons and papers, was then put and carried by 115 to 111. Messrs. Keitt and Grow then apologized to the House for the fracas of Saturday morning, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 9th, in the Senate, Senator Douglas, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a resolution granting authority to the President to settle the difficulty with Paraguay. The same Senator moved to postpone the Army Bill, in order to take up his Kansas resolution; lost by 31 to 23. Debate then followed on Kansas and the increase of the army; the speakers were Messrs. Pugh, Mason, Dixon, Foot, Benjamin, and Hamlin.——In the House, a resolution was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, appropriating a sum of money to pay the Sound Dues indemnity. A sum of $80,000 was appropriated for drawing the boundary line between the United States territory and Texas. On motion of Mr. Haskin, a special Committee was ordered to inquire into the sal[e] of Wilkinson's Point to Government.

On Wednesday, 10t[h], the credentials of Senator Grimes of Iowa were presente[d] to the Senate. Senator Douglas attempted to bring u[p] his Kansas resolutions; but after a sharp passage at ar[m]s between himself and Senators Davis and Mason, his [m]otion was defeated by 23 to 24. Senator Foot submitted a resolution providing accommodation for reporters but Senator Toombs objected, on the ground that such persons had no right there at all. The Army Bill was then taken up and debated by Senators Mason, Crittenden, Hale, Houston, and Davis.——The House was occupied with the bill providing for further precautions for the safety of human life on board sea-going steamers; it was addressed by Messrs. Washburn of Illinois, Scott, Taylor, and Cochrane in favor, and by Messrs. Horace Clark and Letcher against the bill.

On Thursday, 11th, Senator Seward presented a memorial from Albany offering a regiment of volunteers for Utah. Senator Mason offered a resolution appropriating money for the reception of a Turkish Admiral; objected to. The resolution of Senator Evans appropriating money for the publication of the Dred Scott decision was carried by 32 to 12, after debate, in which Senators Doolittle, Pugh, Benjamin, Slidell, and Cameron took part. Senator Wilson's resolution inquiring what army officers are absent, and why, was carried unanimously. The Army Bill was again taken up, and debate followed. Senators Houston, Davis, Toombs, Wilson, and Hale were the speakers. A motion to strike out the first section was lost by 25 to 26.——In the House the following committees were appointed by the President: The committee under the resolution of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, to which shall be referred the Kansas Message and Lecompton Constitution, with instructions: Messrs. Harris of Illinois, Stephens of Georgia, Morrill of Vermont, Letcher of Virginia, Wade of Ohio, Quitman of Mississippi, Winslow of North Carolina, Bennett of New York, White of Pennsylvania, Walbridge of Michigan, Anderson of Missouri, Stephenson of Kentucky, Adrian of New Jersey, Buffinton of Massachusetts, and Russell of New York; the Select Committee to examine into the facts connected with the sale and purchase of a tract of land at Wilkinson's Point for fortification purposes: Messrs. Haskin of New York, Hopkins of Virginia, Wood of Missouri, Florence of Pennsylvania, and Hall of Massachusetts. The Steamship Passenger Bill, after remarks by Messrs. Florence, Whiteley, and Washburne was committed to Committee of the Whole. Mr. Stanton, from the Investigating Committee, reported that the witness Wolcott refused to say in answer to questions from the committee whether or no he had received money from Lawrence, Stone, and Company, and asked for a resolution to bring him to the bar of the House for contempt. This was carried after debate by Messrs. Stanton, Underwood, Phillips, Seward, Purviance, John Cochrane, Bowie, Moore, Gooch, and Lovejoy.

On Friday, the Senate not being in session, the contumacious witness, Wolcott, was brought before the House by the Sergeant-at-arms; but on motion of Mr. Stanton, and after remarks by Messrs. Cochrane, Clemens, and Dawes, the witness was allowed till Monday to amend his answer. Mr. Hoard moved for a Committee to inquire whether the Administration was trying to buy up votes by means of executive patronage, and read from various newspapers on the subject. The question was debated by Messrs. Hoard, Warren, Houston, Millson, Stephens, Washburne, and Giddings. It was then decided, by 108 to 88, that the question was not one of privilege.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

It is understood that the Senate Committee on Territories will send in three reports on the Kansas question: one for the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution, from the majority of the Committee; another, from Senators Collamer and Wade, against that Constitution; a third, from Senator Douglas, insisting on the submission of that Constitution to the people of Kansas. It is presumed that the Senate will take up the Minnesota and Kansas bills together, and will pass both, with a provision that nothing is to deprive the people of Kansas of the right of altering the Lecompton Constitution whenever they please. Great dissatisfaction is expressed among the Republicans and Douglas Democrats as to the constitution of the Select Committee of fifteen; they claim that they should have been in a majority, while they are in a minority; also that the strongest Lecomptonites have been selected, while weak men have been chosen from their side of the House.——From Kansas we learn that a bill is in progress before the Territorial Legislature summoning a new Constitutional Convention; the new Constitution to be framed in March, and to be submitted to the people in May. General Calhoun has not yet given certificates to any members of the Legislature. It is surmised that the Free State candidates have been elected; but nothing is yet known.

GOVERNOR WISE ON KANSAS.

Governor Wise has issued a new manifesto in reply to an invitation to address an anti-Lecompton meeting at Philadelphia. He says that a careful review of the President's Message constrains him to differ with the President of his choice. He protests against the mode in which the Lecompton Constitution was pretended to be submitted, as anti-republican and oppressive, and as offensive to the self-respect and moral sense of a free people. He admits that the conduct of the Topekaites was violent and unlawful, and that their opponents acted under lawful authority up to the submission of the Constitution to the people. But that has nothing to do with the issue: is the Constitution the act and deed of the people, and is the schedule republican? The wrong of the Topekaites will not justify the wrong of the Lecompton Convention, nor cure the defects of the Lecompton schedule, which, though providing for its ratification or rejection, was submitted for approval alone, without allowing a vote upon its rejection. He contends that there was obviously a sinister and anti-republican purpose in thus giving an unfair election as to part of the Constitution, with no election as to the whole. He denies the assertion of the President that no people could have proceeded with more regularity in the formation of a Constitution than the people of Kansas have done. The people were not allowed a fair election at all. A fair election could not be held under the schedule, as appears from its face. He combats the President's idea that the admission of Kansas would speedily end the agitation in Congress, and localize it in Kansas. He declares that it never can be local. Again, it is all essential that the settlement shall be just, right, and equal; and if not so, it is sure to be mischievous to that party snatching power without right, and doing wrong that good may come. The ulterior effect of adopting the Lecompton Constitution will be worse than referring back the question for Territorial decision. It will arraign the Democracy and the South for demanding more than is right; it will return the chalice to our own lips, when the Kansas question again and again arises in our boundless domain of unsettled Territories; it will drive away thousands of honest Democrats to raise the Black Republican flag over the Capitol in the next struggle for power, and then raise the last dread issue of disunion.

MINISTER MEADE IN BRAZIL.

Hon. R. K. Meade, of Virginia, United States Minister to Brazil, reached Rio on 30th November, and had an audience from the Emperor on 6th December. In the course of his address Mr. Meade expressed himself as follows:

"My government is duly impressed with the points of resemblance and identity of interest which should make the ties between the two countries indissoluble, and direct the policy and aspirations of each. An equal extent of territory, of gigantic dimensions, gives to each nation an assurance of future power that lifts it above the reach of uneasy apprehensions, and imparts to its position a dignity that belongs only to conscious strength.

"Their approximation, in many respects, in their political constitutional organization, is well calculated to encourage political and social sympathies promotive of mutual benefits and future commercial progress, while an institution common to both countries, fixed and deeply rooted in their soil (with many hostile prejudices to encounter from without), does now establish an affinity between them, and will insure, for mutual defense, a unity of action and feeling that will prove invincible in the future."

These remarks have attracted some attention from the press.

ANOTHER ALLEGED OUTRAGE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

The Navy Department has received dispatches dated Porto Praya, January 6, from Commodore Conover, commanding the African Squadron. "He says that British cruisers had committed another outrage in seizing, without just cause, the *James Watson*, a vessel bearing the American flag. She was carried into Sierra Leone, and afterward released, there being no evidence that she was a slaver. Commodore Conover has been assured by Commodore Wise, senior British officer, that the facts of the case have been laid before the British Government, and that the officer who committed the outrage would probably be deprived of his command. Commodore Conover instructed Commander Totton, of the sloop-of-war *Vincennes*, to inquire into and report the circumstances to the Navy Department."

PROSPECT OF WAR WITH PARAGUAY.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs reported on the 9th inst. in favor of giving the President full power to settle the difficulties between our government and the republic of Paraguay, growing out of the attack of the latter government on the United States steamer *Water Witch*. As soon as this resolution is passed, the President will immediately demand reparation; and if it is refused, he will send a naval force that will shortly bring them to terms.

FESTIVITIES AT WASHINGTON.

"Jenkins," the Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, writes thus:

"Prominent among the party-givers here this season is Governor Brown, the Postmaster-general, a right honorable Tennesseean, who married the wealthy widow Saunders not a great many years ago. This lady and her accomplished daughter preside over the large and splendidly-furnished house No. 223 Ninth Street, 'regardless of expense,' and, in addition to their crowded receptions and their large dinners, they give frequent sociable parties, which are considered *la crème de la crème*. One on Friday night, I learn, was a delightful affair, graced by Vice-President Breckinridge, Prince John Van Buren, Colonel John T. Heard, of Boston, and other distinguished personages, although the nocturnal session kept away all the Congressional beaux, except General Ward, who gallantly paired off. Miss Saunders was, of course, the observed of all observers, although her charming kinswoman, Mrs. Martin, aided her in sustaining the reputation of Tennessee for female beauty. Another charming widow, Mrs. Lyons, sang like an angel, and it must have been a delightful time."

BALL AT CHUBB THE BANKER'S.

He adds: "The party of that evening, however, was at my banker's, a most gentlemanlike *agent de change*, upon whose cards is inscribed C. St. John Chubb, and who moves in the most elevated decimal of metropolitan society. Excepting the absence of dark-eyed daughters of Zion, I might have thought myself in the saloons of Madame Fould, *a* Paris. Indeed, Mr. Corcoran is very much such a looking person as the Baron d'Argout, of the Banque de France; and little Riggs resembles Pereira, of the Crédit Mobilier. Nor did the resemblance stop there. Government officials looked owl-like; military Lotharios talked valiantly of the conquests they anticipate in the seraglio of our Mormon Abd-el-Kader; a few of the *bourgeoisie* were too happy at being present; and a sprinkling of the diplomats enjoyed the delicacies of Gautier, who is the presiding genius at most of these Washington parties. A different house and a different host: but *toujours le même Gautier*, and of course the same music, dishes, decorations, and spoons!"

RECEPTION AT THE COUNT DE SARTIGES'.

He thus describes "a reception at the residence of the Count de Sartiges, Envoy Extraordinary of the French Emperor, who occupies the Carter mansion on Georgetown Heights, where Mr. Crampton carried on his recruiting operations. These are the most select of the receptions, for two reasons: It is such a long and muddy walk that none can go unless *en voiture*, although a few of the *attachés* go in omnibus to the Georgetown Hotel, and then foot it up the hill. Secondly, visitors are announced by the *laquais*, and no one not duly invited dares to intrude, as they have at Lord Napier's.

"Madame the Countess (*née* Thorndike *de* Boston) is one of the most ladylike and courteous of the lady diplomatists, and the Count's niece—Madamoiselle Closet—looked charmingly in a white dress, with a crimson ribbon ran around each flounce. Miss Lane wore a most becoming purple silk, trimmed with black velvet, and was accompanied by her friend now visiting at the White House, Miss Brown, of Philadelphia, who wore a cherry colored silk. Miss Albuquerque was dressed in a bewitchingly flounced pearl colored silk. Miss Matthews wore rich black lace over white silk. Mrs. Dr. May looked well in black velvet, as did Mrs. Ould in pink silk, and pretty Miss Marcoe's curls danced merrily over pink and white satin. About eleven o'clock there was a general *entrée* into the supper room, Lord Napier handing in Miss Lane, and the ladies were enabled to eat sitting, which they fancy much."

PERSONAL.

We learn, that by direction of the President of the United States, it is ordered by the War Department that, on the arrival of Rear-Admiral Mohammed Pasha, of the Turkish navy, he will be received with all the honors due to his rank, by each military post which he may be pleased to visit during his stay in the country.

The Norfolk *Argus* announces important news. The Hon. W. B. Preston, the Commissioner to Europe, appointed by the Bristol Convention to induce the transatlantic navigation companies to send their vessels to the Chesapeake Bay, is on his return to America, after having successfully filled his mission.

Mrs. Perry, the widow of the late Commodore O. H. Perry, died in Newport on Thursday evening, after a brief illness. "This lady," says the Boston *Transcript*, "was widely known for her unassuming Christian character no less than as the widow of one so distinguished in our national history as her husband. Since his lamented death in 1820 she has resided in Newport, occupying the venerable mansion purchased by Commodore Perry at the close of the war of 1812.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament was to assemble on the 4th of February. Lord Palmerston has, as usual, issued a circular soliciting the early attendance of the supporters of the Government, as affairs of considerable importance would come under discussion.

THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The Princess Royal of England was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia at the Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace, on 25th ultimo. We take mostly from the London *Times* the following account of the ceremony:

THE SCENE BEFORE THE CEREMONY.

Visitors were admitted to the Chapel at 10 A.M. As they were assembling there were some errors, of course; Clarence, King-at-Arms, was mistaken for a Yeoman of the Guard, and a party of diplomatists were generally supposed to be Prussian footmen. Random speculations of this kind, and criticisms of each other's toilets by the ladies, filled up the time very agreeably. The prevailing style of dress was befitting a bridal; there were so many white bonnets and gauzy vails that it might have been supposed a large number of brides had been dispersed among the spectators. There were singularly few gentlemen; parties had evidently been made up with only the indispensable amount of male escort. The scene, therefore, was all color, tier on tier, like a brilliant slope of flowers. The spaces between the pillars of the colonnade were hung with wreaths of ivy, holly, and other evergreens, fastened with rosettes and streamers of white satin; the opposite wall was similarly decorated, with the addition of bouquets of palm-leaves and flowers. Beneath every rosette was the plume and helmet of a tall guardsman, also his cuirass, and, finally, his boots, the red coat being all but merged into the scarlet drapery behind him.

THE MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

It is now past twelve o'clock, and the excitement of expectation increases every moment. Ladies who are driven near the door intrigue successfully to change their places with lords who are nearer to the altar. A noble countess drops her cloak and shawl over the gallery rail on to the floor, with a heavy "flop," and a general titter ensues. It is increased, as another peeress, looking over, moults the feathers from her head-dress, and they come sailing slowly down, and every one looks up much as people do at the theatre when a play-bill goes eddying over into the pit.

ENTRANCE OF THE ROYAL PARENTS.

Suddenly there is a little stir, and the Princess of Prussia enters the chapel magnificently attired in a robe of white satin, and with her train borne by the youthful Countess Hacke. The whole brilliant audience of the chapel rises *en masse* and bows as the Princess Royal's mother-in-law elect passes on to the altar. Hardly are they seated there, on the left-hand side, when faintly in the distance the long-blown, clear, defiant notes of the trumpets are heard. They come nearer and nearer, and the last arrivals among the visitors hasten to arrange themselves, while the officers of the household fall into brilliant line along the pathway up the chapel at either side. Step by step the advance of the trumpeters is followed; now they are descending the stair-case, the regular roll and beat of the silver kettle-drums become audible, and the prolonged, triumphant flourish proclaims the approach of Majesty. The next great notability is the veteran Premier, who bears before the Queen the Sword of State in ponderous solemnity. After this even the Royal Princes are unnoticed, and every one bows slowly and deeply as her Majesty, leading in either hand Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, enters the chapel. Of course, on these occasions there is no applause, and nothing but the prolonged obeisances denote the depth of loyal welcome with which the royal mother of the bride is welcomed. The Queen looks, as she always looks, kindly and amiable, but self-possessed and stately. On her head is a crown of jewels such as relieves all apprehensions as to the effect which the late "raid" upon the royal caskets might have had upon her Majesty's toilet. Courtesying in acknowledgment of the profound homage with which she is welcomed, her Majesty passes at once to her Chair of State on the left of the altar, and which is placed between the five embroidered settees occupied by the youngest royal children. From this time all remain standing in the presence of Majesty, even the Princess of Prussia, who stands on the opposite side of the altar.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Again there is another pause of intense interest, and again the drums and trumpets are heard, and, ushered in with the same imposing ceremonies, comes the procession of the bridegroom. On his right walks his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, his father, and on his left his brother, Prince Albert. All eyes, however, are fixed upon the Royal bridegroom, as he walks slowly, but with the most perfect ease and elegance of action, up the centre of the chapel. His uniform shows his tall figure to advantage, and sets off his frank, open countenance and prepossessing bearing. Near the altar he stops before Her Majesty's Chair of State, and slowly bows with the most profound reverence, and, turning to his royal mother, he bows again with equal respect, but less deeply than to the Queen, and then, kneeling in the centre

of the chapel, prays with earnest devotion for a few minutes. His prayers ended, he rises and stands at the right hand of the altar, waiting his bride, and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bachelor withstood alone before.

THE BRIDE.

After a while the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain again quit the chapel to usher in the procession of the bride, who is soon at the door, and stands "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls" that bloom in fair array behind her. The gorgeous vail she wears depending from her head-dress is thrown off, and, hanging in massive folds behind, leaves the expression of her face completely visible as she walks slowly, her head slightly stooped in bashfulness and her eyes cast down upon the ground. Thus all can see distinctly the mild, amiable expression of her face, so replete with kindness and deep feeling, and that peculiarly touching aspect of sensitiveness, to attempt to portray which would "only prove how vainly words essay to fix the spark of beauty's heavenly ray." Her bright bloom of color has completely deserted her, and even when compared with her snowy dress her cheeks seem pale, and her whole appearance denotes tremulousness and agitation.

In these ceremonies, we believe, the dress of the bride ranks only next in importance to the celebration of the service; but on this occasion the Princess Royal wore one so thoroughly in good taste that it is difficult to remark any thing, save that it is exquisitely becoming, beautiful, and white. In fact, its unity only recalls to mind the belle of the French Court, who is said to dress with such a perfection of good taste that one can never observe what she wears. While, however, we mention this as the actual effect of the costume, we may state, for the further information of our readers, that it was composed of a rich robe of white moire antique, ornamented with three flounces of Honiton lace.

The design of the lace consists of bouquets in open work of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in three medallions. At the top of each flounce in front of the dress are wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms—the latter being the bridal flower of Germany—every wreath terminating with bouquets of the same flowers, and the length of each being so graduated as to give the appearance of a robe defined by flowers. The apex of this floral pyramid is formed by a large bouquet worn on the girdle. The train, which is of the unusual length of more than three yards, is of white moire antique, trimmed with two rows of Honiton lace, surmounted by wreaths similar to those on the flounces of the dress, with bouquets at short intervals.

THE APPROACH TO THE ALTAR.

As the bride passes up to the altar she stops and makes a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushes like crimson; then, again turning, she renders the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she does so the bridegroom elect advances, and kneeling on one knee presses her hand with an expression of fervent admiration that moved the august audience. Taking their places then at the altar, and with their illustrious relatives standing round in a group of unequaled brilliancy, the service commences with the chorale, which peals through the little building with the most solemn effect. The words are particularly appropriate, full of feeling and piety, and the audience follow them in a whispered cadence as the choir sing—

> This day, with gladsome voice and heart,
> We praise thy name, O Lord, who art
> Of all good things the giver!
> For England's first born hope we pray—
> Be near her now, and ever!
> King of Kings, Lord of Lords,
> Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
> Hear us, while we kneel before Thee!

THE CEREMONY.

The hymn over, the marriage service is commenced at exactly ten minutes to one.

The Rubric is rigidly adhered to throughout. After going through the usual formulary, the Most Reverend Primate, who was very indistinctly heard, asks the royal bridegroom,

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

To this the Prince replies, loud and clear, "I will."

To the same question the faint answer of the bride is barely audible, though the attention of all is strained to the utmost to catch the feebly-uttered words.

To the next—

"Who giveth this woman away?"

The Prince Consort replies, loudly, "I do."

Then the Prince takes his bride's hand in his own, in earnest warmth, and repeats, slowly and distinctly, after the Primate—

"I, Frederick William Nicholas Charles, take thee, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Again, in reply, the words of the bride are almost lost, and she seems faint and tremulous enough to excite uneasiness among her ladies.

The Prince then, taking the ring from his brother Albert, said, with marked emphasis,

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The usual prayer was then offered up, and the Primate, joining their hands together, said, "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

AFFECTING SCENE.

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds, ended, and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent up feelings, turned, and flung herself upon her mother's bosom, with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again her Majesty strained her to her heart and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion, but it was both needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it. We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quitted him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that evinced all that only a mother's love can show. The most affecting recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father, for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

The Queen then rose, and, hurrying across the *haut pas* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after long parting, and turning to the Prince of Prussia, gave him her hand, which as he stooped to kiss she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek instead. But words will feebly convey the effect of the warmth, the abandonment of affection and friendship, with which these greetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand, for, by the working of his face, it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak.

THE TROUSSEAU.

The portion of the wedding outfit of the Princess Royal supplied by Howell and James consists of Spitalfields manufactures. Those of moire antique may be held in competition with, or even as exceeding in beauty and richness, those of foreign make, while in color they are both brilliant and lasting. English ladies would do well to follow the example set by her Majesty, and pride themselves upon wearing these rare specimens of Spitalfields manufacture. We may especially point to the moire antique silks of Spitalfields manufacture chosen by her Majesty and the Princess Royal. The effect of the watering is reduplicated by a thread of silver or gold interwoven, and gives to the watering the appearance of the silver light of a phosphorescent sea by moonlight. Of these the Princess Royal has chosen white moire antique, richly woven with real silver, and white poult de soie, striped with real silver. Her Majesty has a mauve-colored petticoat of moire antique, richly woven with real silver, Spitalfields; and a train of same color of Lyons velvet. The color "mauve" is that of the mallow in its early spring bloom; it is sometimes confounded with that of the peach blossom, but is more delicate in its hue. So exquisite is the color of the Lyons velvet in her Majesty's train that it is still kept in the loom, since the surpassingly delicate bloom upon it will not endure in perfection after more than five hours' exposure to atmospheric influence. The light tulle dresses are of fairy texture, looking as if a breath would puff them from their resting places. They are embroidered in white and colored floss silks in beautiful devices, and some have trimmings of lisse gauze, and bunches of lisse gauze flowers.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

The nuptial present given by Prince Frederick William to his royal bride consists of a pearl necklace of unusual beauty and costliness; the necklace consists of thirty-two large Oriental pearls, pronounced by connoisseurs to be remarkably pure, and the larger of which, those toward the centre, are of the size of a hazel-nut. The cost of this little collection, which has been completed only by dint of great diligence during a lengthened period, is stated to be 28,000 thalers (£4200). For six ladies, who have been the companions and friends of the Princess Royal hitherto (whether these ladies are the same as those selected by the Princess to officiate as her bridesmaids I have not heard), the Prince takes with him six golden bracelets, consisting of a broad rich band of gold, bearing a shield, on which is mounted a Prussian eagle; the wings of which are incrusted with diamonds. The Princess of Prussia has also had a set of diamond and turquoise ornaments arranged with excellent taste as her present to the Princess Royal. Another present, destined for the Bishop of London by the Prince, is a copy of the New Testament, printed in folio by the celebrated printing firm of Decker, in Berlin, which formerly enjoyed the monopoly of printing all State documents. This work was got up by this firm in 1840 at the fourth centenary of the invention of book-printing celebrated in Berlin, for the purpose of showing the world what Prussia could produce in this branch of industry, and was admitted to bear off the palm from all other competitors for fame on this occasion. The types, which are of unusual size and elegance of form, were all founded specially for the work, and the initial letters of the chapters are decorated and illuminated after designs by Kaulbach. As yet this work stands unrivaled as a typographical *chef d'œuvre*; but the triumph has not been obtained without a great sacrifice of money as well as of time and labor; for, although a single copy of this one volume is not sold for less than 300 thalers (£45), the printer still suffers a considerable loss by it. The copy destined for the bishop is bound in dark-blue velvet, and mounted with massive silver clasps, etc., richly chased, so that the book, in its bound state, weighs seventy-seven pounds.

The Prince has had his portrait, three-quarter length, taken in duplicate by an artist in Breslau, and has presented one of the two pictures to the Eleventh regiment of infantry, which he commanded for many months in Silesia. The other he has taken with him as a present to Queen Victoria in exchange for the portrait of the Princess Royal which her Majesty lately sent him. This latter, which is either the original, by Winterhalter, or a copy of it, the Prince has lent to Lord Bloomfield for his *fête* next Monday, and it may be expected to form one of the chief attractions of the evening. Invitations have been issued to four hundred guests.

THE RINGS.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, writing before the wedding, says:

"The wedding rings that are to be used at the approaching nuptials are of Silesian gold, and have been made in Breslau. The maker of them—who has also a large gold refining establishment in that town—has had the two rings mounted on a skin of parchment, on which is engrossed, with every attention to caligraphy, a short history of his gold works in Reichenstein, from which we learn that in former days Silesia was a California on a small scale; gold was not only obtained by mining, but also by washing the sands of certain rivers (the same is still in the recollection of old people as having been the case with the Rhine). In this form of the heading to a historical document, the two wedding rings have lately been forwarded to the Royal bridegroom."

MOVEMENT OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The London *Observer* gives the following result of the operations of the *Leviathan*: "She now is within a few feet of the very extremity of the ways, and at the ensuing spring she will have amply sufficient water under her to be *fairly* floated. Indeed, on Wednesday, when there was a very good neap-tide, she showed very lively symptoms of freeing herself from bondage, as if anxious to bound into her future element, and was seen to lift at her stem and stern. As a matter of precaution to check her buoyancy, 1500 tons of water was put into her compartments to keep her down."

By the *Niagara* we learn that the steamship *Leviathan* had been pushed twenty-five feet off the ends of the launching ways, and her cradles were being removed. She had over seventeen feet of water under her, and it was expected that she would float on the 30th or 31st.

FRANCE.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE EMPEROR'S LIFE.

"When the first detonation took place before the Grand Opera," says the *Patrie*, "several of the horses of the lancers escorting the Imperial carriage took fright, and galloped along as far as the Rue Rossini before their riders could pull them in. That circumstance probably saved their Majesties from a portion of the danger, as the involuntary charge cleared the street, and forced back the crowd. When the escort wheeled round to regain their places near the carriage, there was scarcely a person in the middle of the street. After the third detonation, when the chamberlain on service, who was in the first carriage, and had escaped quite unhurt, hurried back to the door of the Imperial carriage he held his arm to the Emperor to alight. His Majesty, who had preserved all his sangfroid, said, 'But, *mon cher*, be so good as to let down the steps, if you wish me to descend.' The Empress alighted in her turn, and the scene which then presented itself was most terrible. Hébert and Alessandri stood near, streaming with blood, and a mass of functionaries, police agents, and soldiers, almost every one wounded, were grouped around, crying out 'Vive l'Empereur!' On the steps of the peristyle a number of persons were lying, either badly wounded or killed—the whole constituting a dreadful spectacle."

COOLNESS OF THE ATTENDANTS.

M. Lanet, commissary of police of the section of the Opera, received, as we have before mentioned, three wounds. He, however, retained sufficient presence of mind and coolness to be at the door of the imperial carriage, and, when it was opened, to ask his Majesty whether he had been wounded? "No," said the Emperor, "I have not been touched, but I see that you have not escaped." In fact, the blood was at the time streaming down M. Lanet's face. He is better, but the projectiles which penetrated both his thighs have not yet been extracted.

It is stated that in the confusion which immediately followed the explosion the escort of lancers remained as calm as on parade. After a while the officer in command asked in a loud voice, "Is any one wounded?" "I am, Sir," replied one of the soldiers, holding up his hand. In a few seconds he fainted and fell from his horse, and in the course of the night he died.

THE SCENE NEXT MORNING.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "I went myself early the next morning to inspect a locality which can not fail for the future to have a traditionary interest, and the spectacle was indeed a fearful one. The pavement was still wet with blood. The zinc screen was perforated like a colander with holes the size of an orange; the lamp posts, curb stones, and bases of the pillars were seared and torn as with grape shot. The windows of the theatre were smashed, as were many of those in the houses opposite. The street was thronged with persons of all descriptions, from the highest to the lowest, and a good deal of 'sensation' was manifest. I took some pains to collect the occasional droppings of an assemblage so heterogeneous, comprising the wealthiest millionaire to the lowest *ouvrier*. The loudest expressions of indignation came certainly from the better dressed, but the working man was more chary of his reflections. One bold man said, 'Well, he killed the republic in a drear, dark night—*chacun à son tour*. He has escaped this time.' 'Mind what you say;' some one rejoined, 'you have two of the police at your elbow.' I looked around, and certainly there were none but blouses within two yards of him; and so the police must have been, to use the technical expression, 'in plain clothes.' The more well-to-do people rather dwelt upon the wholesale cruelty of the attempt which, to attain its object, was prepared to sacrifice so many innocent lives; and whenever the name of the Empress was mentioned there was no mistaking the heartiness of the feeling."

THE WOUNDED.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "A lawyer, M. Rasetti, had his life preserved by a circumstance which he was far from believing would prove so agreeable to himself. He had secured a good place in the front rank of the crowd to see the arrival of the *cortége*, when, just before the explosion, a woman crowded in front of him, and received directly in the abdomen a fragment of a bomb. This woman is the one who died at the Hospital Lariboisière. Another woman was saved by her enormous expanse of crinoline. The force of the projectile was spent before reaching her thigh, and the wound is not serious. The largest proportion of badly wounded persons is naturally among the police and soldiery. The lancers of the Imperial Guard have twelve men struck, two perhaps mortally. The Municipal Guard have eleven men struck, one now dead, and five severely wounded. The police number thirty wounded, of whom fifteen were of the secret police, the rest were *sergents de ville*, one commissary, and one divisional inspector, or chief of the secret police. Five horses were killed on the ground, five more were mortally wounded, and twenty horses of the lancers alone were wounded. The Emperor's second horse had to be shot."

REPORT OF THE SURGEONS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following synopsis of the report of the surgeons who dressed the wounds of the victims: "The wounds in general are small and not deep—some are only skin-deep, while others descend into the muscles. In general these wounds have but one orifice, which is jagged. The fragments of the shell by which the wounds were inflicted are angular, with indented edges, and small; some are not larger than a pea, others resemble a broken nail or a grain of shot flattened. One remarkable circumstance is the number of wounds received by the same person. Surgeon Larrey counted twenty-seven on the body of one soldier, and twenty on that of a young man who was an innocent spectator in the crowd. The wounds at first caused but little pain—so little that several persons seriously wounded were not aware of the fact. A lady arrived from the provinces, who was dangerously wounded in the face, the arm, and the breast, thought at first that the explosion was caused by a fire-work let off in honor of the Emperor. After some days the wounds became extremely irritable, more so than might be expected from their small size. Some persons who were near the projectiles when they exploded had their bones broken and the interior of their stomachs torn open. One person, who died in the Hospital Lariboisière, received a large fragment of a shell in the abdomen. Fortunately such cases are but few. A great number of persons were wounded, not by the projectiles, but by splinters of wood or glass driven with great force against them by the concussion."

SYMPATHY OF THE BABY PRINCE.

The following appears in several of the French journals: "An affecting scene took place at the Tuileries after the mass of thanksgiving, at which the Emperor and Empress were present on the day following the late attempt. The Prince Imperial, when brought to his august parents, remarked the scratch made on the previous evening on the face of the Emperor, and said, in his infantine accents: 'Papa hurt!' The Emperor took the prince in his arms, and said: "You love papa, do you?" The prince replied by kissing the Emperor, and again repeated the word 'hurt!' At these caresses and these words of his child the man who had beheld death so near him without being disturbed and without changing countenance could not restrain the feelings of his heart and he shed tears." This story is told by the *Univers*. It is probably untrue, but will doubtless go the round of the papers.

THE OLD ANTI-BRITISH SPIRIT ASTIR.

Addresses from some of the regiments to the Emperor on the occasion of the late attempt on his life are worded in such strong language as to attract much attention. The Zouaves almost regretted that they had no opportunity to manifest their zeal in a striking manner, and the address of the Eighty-second regiment contains the following sentence: "And if your Majesty wants soldiers to reach these men, even in their haunts, we humbly pray you to designate the Eighty-second regiment as part of the advance guard of this army." Addresses from other regiments appear to have been worded still stronger; for the *Moniteur* has omitted some of the paragraphs.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

The Queen-mother of Oude died in Paris on the 24th of January. It was said that the Queen died of grief. She was attended in her last moments by Dr. Royer, one of the Emperor Napoleon's physicians. The prayers enjoined by the Buddhist religion were said over her death-bed. The body was watched by four women, and the arrival of the prince, the son of the deceased, who had been sent for by telegraph from London, was waited for before any arrangements would be made for the funeral.

THE JERKS IN FRANCE.

The following extraordinary tale appears in the *Echo de la Frontiere*, published at Valenciennes: "A family named Brisson, consisting of two brothers, one married, two sisters, and a child five years of age, were, a few evenings ago, quietly seated at supper. All at once one of them, seized with some sudden vertigo, jumped up and began talking most incoherently, and all the other members of the family being attacked in a similar way, did the same. They then all began dancing, and afterward stripped themselves of the whole of their garments, singing, as they did so, sacred hymns. They next took the child, stripped him, tied him to a ladder as if to crucify him, and then stuck pins into the fleshy part of his person, continuing to dance and sing all the while. Their next exploit was to ascend to the roof of the house and pour water down the chimney to extinguish, as they said, the fires of purgatory. At this moment the neighbors interfered, and released the little boy, who was insensible from his sufferings. The cause of the sudden madness has not been ascertained."

ITALY.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS AT NAPLES.

The *Times*' correspondent says: "I am glad to relate the following facts. On Saturday morning ten political prisoners were liberated from the prisons of Santa Maria Apparente, but the circumstances should be known. Eight were arrested early in August, 1856, on a charge of having proclamations upon them. The *proces* drawn up against them was set aside by royal rescript in June, 1857—a despotic act, though on the side of humanity or policy, for the King does not like political trials. Since June, when they were virtually pardoned, they have been kept in prison at the disposal of the police. An old man, too, Cavaliere de Luna, aged eighty-one years, and whose name has figured in your columns already, has received some amelioration in his condition. Misfortune has made him familiar with a prison. In 1799 his house was sacked by the Calabrese, his sister assassinated, and himself arrested. In 1821 he was again imprisoned, and obtained his liberty on the condition of perpetual exile. After twenty-seven years spent in France and England, he returned in 1848 to Naples. In 1850 he was again arrested by Pecchaneida, and though *assoluto* on his trial, is still in prison, in his eighty-first year and in his second childhood, with the sole improvement, recently granted, of a better room and a better bed."

INCIDENTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

The following is from the correspondent of the London *Times*:

"Some of the incidents which they relate seem more like fables than facts. An infant had been dug out alive, after having been under the ruins eight days. Its mother fed it too bountifully, and it died. A girl of eight years of age had been disinterred after eleven days' burial, and was still living. The monks of S. Francisco, in Padula, related a story of a girl of seventeen years of age who had been recovered after twenty-one days' burial; the monks added that the girl spoke of having been visited in her subterraneous tomb by a lady dressed in black, who gave her bread and water. She believed that it was the Madonna! Mules had also been dug out alive after twenty-one days' burial. One of the monks told my informants that on the night of the 16th ult. the shock was so violent as to throw him out of his bed, through the window, into the garden of the monastery. At Veggiano a poor woman had lost her husband and two children beneath the ruins; two yet survived, but they quickly died of hunger, and the wretched mother hanged herself. Tales of wonderful and tragic interest abound, and if the reader doubts their possibility, he has only to read Colletia's graphic description of the earthquake of 1753. The people had not settled down to any thing like regular occupation, but were grubbing among the ruins for whatever they could find, and seeking for the bodies of their friends, of whom hundreds still remain as yet disinterred. Supplies were slowly coming in for the poor people, but roads there were scarcely any, and much had to be transported on the backs of mules. The province of Basilicata is the largest in the kingdom, and yet has not more than one carriage-road through it of any importance. Potenza will not be rebuilt on the same site on which it stood; but, perhaps, lower down in the plain. I am glad to say that the English have, at length, obtained permission from Signor Bianchini, the Minister of the Interior, to send a deputation of two of their number into the Basilicata to distribute the funds collected among our countrymen. I believe that there is not a man among us who would not have felt the greatest confidence in the judgment and honor of Signor Bianchini in making a right use of whatever might have been committed to his care; but it is an Anglo-Saxon usage to manage one's money, and in Naples subalterns are many and needy, and the administration is not too good. As for Signor Bianchini, his praise is in every man's mouth."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The following has been received in England in advance of the Bombay mail of January 9:

"Sir J. Outram defeated the rebels near Alumbagh on December 22, and took four guns; his own loss was trifling. Sir Colin Campbell on December 12 advanced toward Ferukabad, and intended to proceed thence to Agra. Colonel Seaton's column reoccupied Mynpoore on the 27th of December, after defeating the rebels and taking six guns. Brigadier-General Chamberlain proceeds with a column to Rohilcund, and afterward joins Sir Colin at Agra. The Decca mutineers had entered the Assam country, and her Majesty's 54th Foot was in pursuit of them. The conduct of the Thirty-first Regiment of Native Infantry had excited suspicion. The population of Indore have been disarmed and tranquillity restored. The Punjab and Scinde were all quiet, but strong suspicions were entertained of Kholapoor Rajah's movements. New depredations by the Khandorsh rebels have been reported, and the Peinth and Hassic rebels have been severely handled. A grand entertainment has been given by the native gentlemen of Bombay to all the European troops in the garrison at that place."

WYNDHAM'S DEFEAT.

The *Times*' correspondent gives a circumstantial account of the Wyndham affair; but the facts do not differ from those already before the public. The scenes after Wyndham's defeat are said to have been fearful. The hospitals were crowded to suffocation. The enemy directed their fire especially upon them, and it was not till Sir Colin Campbell returned, and, with a dozen haughty words, brought every man to his place, that order was restored.

TERRIBLE FIGHT AT LUCKNOW.

A medical officer attached to Havelock's force thus describes a terrible escape of his during the attack at Lucknow:

"All hope seemed gone; as a last resource I ran with four others into a small, one-storied house, three rooms on a floor, all doors and windows. Other fugitives now joined us, soldiers from the escort who had escaped, and two badly-wounded officers. The Sepoys now commenced yelling fearfully. I calculated their numbers at from 500 to 1000. Their leaders tried to get them to charge down on us, but as often as they came on we gave them a volley, and off went the curs; then they began their yelling again, and reviled us in Hindostanee, telling us that in a few minutes we should be massacred; they were not more than five yards off, but round the corner, and sheltered from our fire. At this time we expected instant death; it seemed incredible that ten effective men could resist 1000, who were firing a fearful hail of shot through the windows. Three of our number inside were struck down wounded, and this diminished our fire. The Sepoys all this time were massacring the wounded men in the palanquins (we rescued two more wounded men); perhaps they killed forty by firing volleys at the palanquins. The rebels now gave up the attempt to storm us, but crept up to the windows and fired in on us, so we had to lie down on the ground for a time, and let them fire over us; there was no door to the door-way, so we made a barricade of sand-bags by digging the floor with bayonets, and using the dead Sepoys' clothes to hold the sand; we also piled up the dead so as to obstruct men rushing on us. My duties, as the only unwounded officer, were to direct and encourage the men—as a surgeon, to dress the wounded—as a man, to use a rifle belonging to a wounded man when he fell. After a while we saw that the enemy were tired of rushing on us; we had killed over twenty of them, and must have wounded many more; this damped them.

FIRING FROM THE WINDOW.

"We now told off one man to fire from each window and three from the door. My post was at a window. I had my revolver, but only five shots left in it. I had no second, and, worst of all, no fresh charges. I must tell you that an eastern window means a lattice-work. At this I kept watch and ward. After a time a Sepoy crept up very cautiously, to fire as usual through the window, quite unconscious that at this time a Feringhee had him covered with a revolver. When he got about three yards from me I shot him dead, and another, who was coming up, was shot by one of the men. For nearly an hour now they were very quiet, only firing at a distance."

CHINA.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ASSAULT OF CANTON.

The correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Canton River, under date Dec. 16, 1857, says that Commissioner Yeh has returned an insolent answer to the ultimatum of the English and French plenipotentiaries, and that the two forces would, in a few days, attack Canton.

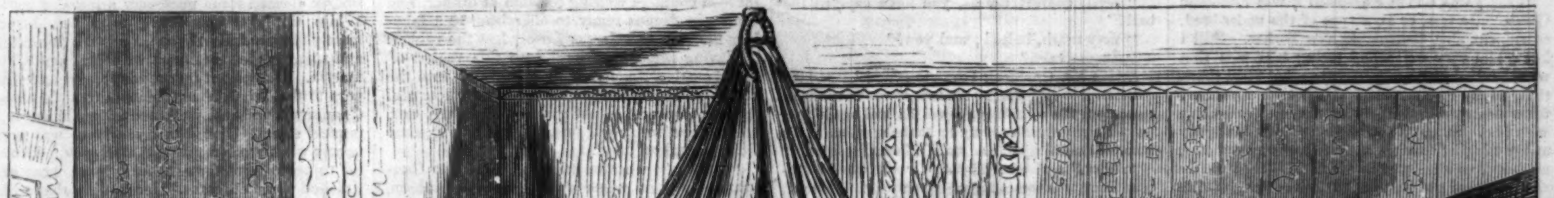
Lord Elgin's demand was of the most temperate character. He asked for no more than that the treaty should be carried out; that Canton should be put upon the same footing as the other treaty ports—its gates open to commerce; that compensation be given for the damage to British merchants, and that the occupation of the Island of Honan be acquiesced in, as a material guaranty, until all matters are settled.

A letter from Hong Kong says: That Yeh's answer to Lord Elgin is couched in a sarcastic view. He tells his Lordship that the question of the treatment of strangers at Canton has been settled by decree of the Emperor; that Sir George Bonham was made a baronet for respecting that decree, and recommends Lord Elgin to follow his example; and as for compensation, Yeh had demanded of the British government for losses suffered by China.

A few days before this answer was received, Mr. Reed, the American Commissioner, solicited an interview in the city, and Yeh replied that he would meet him outside of the city, but that no barbarian should set foot within the limits of Canton.

THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON.

THE GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING-ROOM.



THE LADIES' DRESSING-ROOM.

MY LAST BALL.

I always hated balls. I may as well say at once that I am not pretty—not even good-looking. I am small, with small eyes, and neither a good figure nor an attractive face. There, it is said.

Men don't ask me to dance as often as I would like. I have often sat for an hour talking to old Mrs. Grimsby about her daughters, who never miss a dance, or thinking how much I would like to be in my own room reading my favorite books, or playing with little Rosa down stairs in the drawing-room. When first I went out, I suffered more agony of mind than I can describe from the humiliation of being neglected, and especially from the cutting compassion of my girl friends; but I have got over that now, and balls only bore me.

Why do I go out? Good reader, if you had a mamma and a papa, and brothers and sisters, who refused utterly to believe you when you protested your dislike of society; if it were once or twice hinted to you that your willfulness in staying at home was prejudicing your prospects of a "good settlement in life," you too would gulp down your squeamishness, and throw yourself under the wheels of the fashionable Juggernaut (I know this is an absurd and hackneyed expression, but let it pass).

I will not pretend that I did not know—when I promised mamma to go to Mrs. Schellering's ball on Tuesday—that John Hunt was to be there. I knew it perfectly, for he had told me so. I did not go to meet him, however, for he came to the house every other day to see me, and our quiet talks suited me far better than any ball-room conversation possibly could. Still I went, and I confess that I looked for him.

What suggested to me to examine his face more closely than usual I can not tell; but I did scrutinize him, and I fancied—yes, I felt certain—that I saw a smile of triumph there.

"Is the fair recluse really here?" he asked, in a tone which certainly seemed to me to border upon a sneer.

"In the flesh, at all events," I answered, flippantly; "for the spirit I can not say as much."

"If the former will honor me with her hand for the next polka, we will try to conjure the latter."

All through the dance I fancied him saying to himself, "How self-sacrificing I am in dancing with this plain little creature, when I might have the belles of the room!" Glances from lovely eyes which I intercepted on their way to his seemed to reflect the same thought. He was very agreeable, certainly; but then his agreeableness had an affability about it which almost enraged me.

At the close of the dance we walked through the rooms, and found ourselves sitting at last in a library-window. I insisted in vain on his going to dance. He made the usual civil reply, but I could see in his face that he was dying for some one to take me off his hands. There was a cutting sarcasm—at least, I fancied so—in every word he uttered. My feelings, at length, became so ungovernable that I was ready to cry.

If there was a man I despised it was Fitz-John Q——. He was, or is, a type of the under-bred, coarse, cunning, fashionable New Yorker. Still I knew him very well; and seeing him pass that way, I called him, and pretexting that I had something to say to him, asked him to take me off. I felt a mountain-load off my heart when I was alone with him. It was a real pleasure to see his agony at my clinging to his arm. He had engagements, no doubt, which I prevented his fulfilling; but he was so coarse and vulgar that it was delightful to torture him.

John Hunt was in the middle of a story about an adventure of his in the Alps when I left him. He had got as far as where, in pursuit of a chamois, his guide told him that "four feet further on that ledge and he would be a dead man." Had it not been for my thorough consciousness that he was only telling the story in order to increase my obligations to him, I should have been greatly interested.

Half an hour, at least, after the interruption of the story by my departure, I passed the library window. He was there still! Sitting on the same seat, looking out through the half-opened window into the darkness, with a very sombre and gloomy look. He was so handsome—so intellectual.

"Wouldn't you like to sit down?" said my cavalier, Fitz-John, in his increasing desire to get free.

"Not for the world," said I; and I began to interest the little creature by telling him fanciful stories of the impression he was making on the ladies of our set, till he really enjoyed my society. I began to be perfectly happy, and to enjoy the ball thoroughly. When I caught, at our next turn, John Hunt's eye severely fixed on our two laughing faces I was almost cured of my aversion for society.

I liked it still better when, a few minutes afterward, I noticed John Hunt dancing the Lancers with one of the prettiest girls in the room. She looked so happy—well she might be! He was enjoying himself at last.

Little Fitz-John finally got his liberty, and ran to the refreshment-saloon to recover his spirits. I then fell to the care of Judge ——, of the Supreme Court, who, with his gray hairs, makes it a point of duty to "do the civil" to some one lady at every ball. I sat down where I could see the dancing, and while the Judge was explaining to me the merits of some promise-of-marriage case, I watched John Hunt dance with three or four ladies, after which he returned to his first partner—the very pretty girl I have mentioned—and, after a dance, walked through the rooms with her on his arm. It suddenly flashed upon me that I had heard, long before, that she was rather disposed to like him. There certainly was something very marked in her way of listening and talking to him. She was so pretty, too.

When they disappeared I made the Judge take me through the rooms; and there, in the identical library-window, were John Hunt and his partner, my friend Emma B——, in close conversation. I began to be very angry.

The Judge left me to go home, at an early hour. I could see nothing of John Hunt. I knew that he was still at the same window with his companion. Mortimer Craddock sat down beside me. I ought to have said before that he was an old friend—a very sensible man of thirty-five, with an ample fortune, and unmarried—a well-known catch, in short. He had at one time been supposed by my family to have a partiality for me; but I had always regarded that as a delusion.

This evening he began to converse very earnestly on serious matters. He talked about my family, and my affection for them; about himself, and his weariness of the life he led; and so on. I answered mechanically. Neither John Hunt nor his companion had reappeared in the ball-room.

I asked Mr. Craddock to take me through the library, as I found the air of the ball-room rather close. There, in the same corner, were John Hunt and Emma. She actually had her hand in his, and I saw him draw down the curtain, to hide them as we passed.

It was very quick and sharp, that knife-thrust through my heart; but it was soon over.

We went to supper. By the time we returned (John Hunt and his friend were standing outside the door of the supper-room, and gazed very earnestly at us as we passed) I was in tolerable spirits.

"Miss Blanche," said Mortimer Craddock, when we took our seats on a sofa in a deserted room up stairs, "this is perhaps neither the place nor the time to make the avowal which is on my lips. But I have waited a long time, and as I do not expect an answer now, it matters little when or where you hear it. I love you. I wish to make you my wife. I would try to make you happy. I think I could. Will you marry me?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I answered, "Yes."

"Miss Blanche," pursued Mortimer, slowly and gravely as before, "I am not a young man. I have very little romance in my character. Permit me to ask you to withdraw that answer of yours. I should feel happier if it had been preceded by more reflection."

"This is trifling with my feelings!"

"On the contrary, I do not wish you to hazard your happiness without ample consideration. This day month I will ask you for an answer."

So saying he left me. I was a little bewildered. I had never had an offer before. Mortimer Craddock I had never thought of in the light of a lover. Now, it seemed, I was engaged.

I was trying to make out whether the chandelier which overhung the room had been raised or lowered to its present position, when I was startled by a "Blanche, darling!" in my ear.

It was John Hunt's companion—the pretty girl—my friend Emma.

She had come, of course, to confide to me her triumph, and to enjoy the little feminine satisfaction of sympathizing with me—for she knew how regular a caller John Hunt was at our house. I put on my liveliest and kindest manner.

"Well, dearest Emma, you have enjoyed the ball?"

"Very much, indeed; and you?"

"Excessively."

"Has Mr. Craddock been amusing?"

Strange to say, during the first words of our conversation, the startling avowal he had made had passed away from my mind; at the mention of his name it rushed upon me, and I blushed scarlet.

"Why," said she, laughing, "one would suppose there was something between you! Blanche, dear, don't look so cross. I have a secret for you. I have made all sorts of promises not to tell it, but I couldn't keep them if my life hung on the balance."

I knew the secret very well. She was going to say she was engaged to John Hunt. So I answered, with as much of a smile as I could muster, and holding my breath,

"I am ready to hear it."

"You know John Hunt?" I nodded, and a sickening sensation came over me. "Well—well—he is going to propose to you to-morrow!"

"Say that again," I gasped, in a cruel agony, and doubting whether I had heard her correctly. She repeated the same words.

"Too late, too late!" I sobbed, and felt as though my heart would break.

I fainted, I believe. At all events, the next recollection I have is of being surrounded with kind people near an open window, and of seeing—of all others—John Hunt's face, very anxious and very pale, on the outskirts of the little throng which crowded around me. I shut my eyes. I could not look at him. I went home directly, wishing that I was dead.

When I awoke next morning the following note was handed me:

"Mr. Mortimer Craddock presents his compliments to Miss Blanche ——, and begs to say that circumstances obliging him to leave the country for a period of years, he is under the necessity of withdrawing the inquiry which he made last evening. He hopes he may be permitted to tender his best wishes for Miss Blanche's happiness in life.

"—— Avenue,
Wednesday morning."

That day, as Emma had said, John Hunt called, proposed, and—was accepted. I have only just learned that Mr. Craddock, who had remained in the ball-room, had overheard the conversation between Emma and me. I suppose there was no mistaking the tone in which I cried "Too late!"

BIRDS.

If I could be a bird,
  I know the bird I'd be:
An eagle on the mountains—
  A petrel on the sea!

The petrel dares the waves,
  The eagle dares the wind:
Their bravery and danger
  Suit my stormy mind!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

Those poor Pocket Cannibals, how society does persecute them! Even a menial servant would give warning if disturbed at his meals. But your Man-eater is the meekest of creatures; he will never give warning, and —not often take it.

Whatever the source that had supplied Jasper Losely with the money, from which he had so generously extracted the sovereigns intended to console Waife for the loss of Sophy, that source either dried up, or became wholly inadequate to his wants. For elasticity was the felicitous peculiarity of Mr. Losely's wants. They accommodated themselves to the state of his finances with mathematical precision, always requiring exactly five times the amount of the means placed at his disposal. From a shilling to a million, multiply his wants by five times the total of his means, and you arrived at a just conclusion. Jasper called upon Poole, who was slowly recovering, but unable to leave his room; and finding that gentleman in a more melancholy state of mind than usual, occasioned by Uncle Sam's brutal declaration that "if responsible for his godson's sins, he was not responsible for his debts;" and that he really thought "the best thing Samuel Dolly could do was to go to prison for a short time, and get whitewashed;" Jasper began to lament his own hard fate: "And just when one of the finest women in Paris has come here on purpose to see me," said the lady-killer; "a lady who keeps her carriage, Dolly! Would have introduced you if you had been well enough to go out. One can't be always borrowing of her. I wish one could. There's Mother Crane would sell her gown off her back for me, but, 'Gad, Sir, she snubs, and positively frightens me. Besides, she lays traps to demean me—set me to work like a clerk (not that I would hurt your feelings, Dolly. If you are a clerk, or something of that sort, you are a gentleman at heart). Well, then, we are both done up and cleaned out; and my decided opinion is, that nothing is left but a bold stroke."

"I have no objection to bold strokes, but I don't see any; and Uncle Sam's bold stroke of the Fleet Prison is not at all to my taste."

"Fleet Prison! Fleet fiddlestick! No. You have never been in Russia? Why should we not go there both? My Paris friend, Madame Caumartin, was going to Italy, but her plans are changed, and she is now all for St. Petersburg. She will wait a few days for you to get well. We will all go together and enjoy ourselves. The Russians doat upon whist. We shall get into their swell sets, and live like princes." Therewith Jasper launched forth on the text of Russian existence, in such glowing terms, that Dolly Poole shut his aching eyes, and fancied himself sledging down the Neva, covered with furs—a countess waiting for him at dinner, and counts in dozens ready to offer bets, to a fabulous amount, that Jasper Losely lost the rubber.

Having lifted his friend into this region of aerial castles, Jasper then, descending into the practical world, wound up with the mournful fact that one could not get to Petersburg, nor, when there, into swell sets, without having some little capital on hand.

"I tell you what we will do. Madame Caumartin lives in prime style. Get old Latham, your employer, to discount her bill for three months, for £500, and we will all be off in a crack." Poole shook his head. "Old Latham is too knowing a file for that—a foreigner! He'd want security."

"I'll be security."

Dolly shook his head a second time, still more emphatically than the first.

"But you say he does discount paper—gets rich on it?"

"Yes, gets rich on it, which he might not do if he discounted the paper you propose. No offense."

"Oh, no offense among friends! You have taken him bills which he has discounted?"

"Yes, good paper."

"Any paper signed by good names is good paper. We can sign good names if we know their handwritings."

Dolly started and turned white. Knave he was—cheat at cards, blackleg on the turf—but forgery! that crime was new to him. The very notion of it brought on a return of fever. And while Jasper was increasing his malady by arguing with his apprehensions, luckily for Poole, Uncle Sam came in. Uncle Sam, a sagacious old tradesman, no sooner clapped eyes on the brilliant Losely than he conceived for him a distrustful repugnance, similar to that with which an experienced gander may regard a fox in colloquy with its gosling. He had already learned enough of his godson's ways and chosen society to be assured that Samuel Dolly had indulged in very anti-commercial tastes, and been sadly contaminated by very anti-commercial friends. He felt persuaded that Dolly's sole chance of redemption was in working on his mind while his body was still suffering, so that Poole might, on recovery, break with all former associations. On seeing Jasper in the dress of an exquisite, with the thews of a prize-fighter, Uncle Sam saw the stalwart incarnation of all the sins which a godfather had vowed that a godson should renounce. Accordingly, he made himself so disagreeable, that Losely, in great disgust, took a hasty departure. And Uncle Sam, as he helped the nurse to plunge Dolly into his bed, had the brutality to tell his nephew, in very plain terms, that if ever he found that Brummagem gent in Poole's rooms again, Poole would never again see the color of Uncle Sam's money. Dolly beginning to blubber, the good man, relenting, patted him on the back, and said, "But as soon as you are well, I'll carry you with me to my country box, and keep you out of harm's way till I find you a wife, who will comb your head for you!"—at which cheering prospect Poole blubbered more dolefully than before. On retiring to his own lodging in the Gloucester coffee-house, Uncle Sam, to make all sure, gave positive orders to Poole's landlady, who respected in Uncle Sam the man who might pay what Poole owed to her, on no account to let in any of Dolly's profligate friends, but especially the chap he had found there; adding, "'Tis as much as my nephew's life is worth, and, what is more to the purpose, as much as your bill is." Accordingly, when Jasper presented himself at Poole's door again that very evening, the landlady apprised him of her orders; and, proof to his insinuating remonstrances, closed the door on his face. But a French chronicler has recorded that, when Henry IV. was besieging Paris, though not a loaf of bread could enter the walls, love-letters passed between the city and camp as easily as if there had been no siege at all. And does not Mercury preside over money as well as love? Jasper, spurred on by Madame Caumartin, who was exceedingly anxious to exchange London for Petersburg as soon as possible, maintained a close and frequent correspondence with Poole by the agency of the nurse, who luckily was not above being bribed by shillings. Poole continued to reject the villainy proposed by Jasper; but, in the course of the correspondence, he threw out, rather incoherently—for his mind began somewhat to wander—a scheme equally flagitious, which Jasper, aided perhaps by Madame Caumartin's yet keener wit, caught up, and quickly reduced to deliberate method. Old Mr. Latham, among the bills he discounted, kept those of such more bashful customers as stipulated that their resort to temporary accommodation should be maintained a profound secret in his own safe. Among these bills Poole knew that there was one for £1000, given by a young nobleman of immense estates, but so entailed that he could neither sell nor mortgage, and therefore often in need of a few hundreds for pocket-money. The nobleman's name stood high. His fortune was universally known; his honor unimpeachable. A bill of his any one would cash at sight. Could Poole but obtain that bill! It had, he believed, only a few weeks yet to run. Jasper or Madame Caumartin might get it discounted even by Lord ——'s own banker; and if that were too bold, by any professional bill-broker; and all three be off before a suspicion could arise. But to get at that safe a false key might be necessary. Poole suggested a waxen impression of the lock. Jasper sent him a readier contrivance—a queer-looking tool that looked an instrument of torture. All now necessary was for Poole to recover sufficiently to return to business, and to get rid of Uncle Sam by a promise to run down to the country the moment Poole had conscientiously cleared some necessary arrears of work. While this correspondence went on, Jasper Losely shunned Mrs. Crane, and took his meals and spent his leisure hours with Madame Caumartin. He needed no dressing-gown and slippers to feel himself at home there. Madame Caumartin had really taken a showy house in a genteel street. Her own appearance was eminently what the French call *distinguée*. Dressed to perfection, from head to foot; neat and finished as an epigram. Her face, in shape like a thorough-bred cobra capella—low, smooth frontal, widening at the summit; chin tapering, but jaw strong; teeth marvelously white, small, and with points sharp as those in the maw of the fish called the "Sea Devil;" eyes like dark emeralds, of which the pupils, when she was angry or when she was scheming, retreated upward toward the temples, emitting a luminous green ray that shot through space like the gleam that escapes from a dark lantern; complexion superlatively feminine—call it not pale, but white, as if she lived on blanched almonds, peach-stones, and arsenic; hands so fine and so bloodless, with fingers so pointedly taper there seemed stings at their tips; manners of one who had ranged all ranks of society, from highest to lowest, and duped the most wary in each of them. Did she please it, a crown prince might have thought her youth must have passed in the chambers of porphyry! Did she please it, an old soldier would have sworn the creature had been a *vivandière*. In age, perhaps bordering on forty. She looked younger; but had she been a hundred and twenty she could not have been more wicked. Ah! happy, indeed, for Sophy, if it were to save her youth from ever being fostered in elegant boudoirs by those bloodless hands, that the crippled vagabond had borne her away from Arabella's less cruel unkindness; better far even Rugge's village stage; better far stealthy by-lanes, feigned names, and the erudite tricks of Sir Isaac!

But still it is due even to Jasper to state here that in Losely's recent design to transfer Sophy from Waife's care to that of Madame Caumartin, the Sharper harbored no idea of a villainy so execrable as the character of the *Parisienne* led the jealous Arabella to suspect. But his real object in getting the child, at that time, once more into his power was (whatever its nature) harmless compared with the mildest of Arabella's dark doubts. But still, if Sophy had been regained, and the object in regaining her foiled (as it probably would have been), what might then have become of her?—lost, perhaps, forever to Waife—in a foreign land, and under such guardianship? Grave question, which Jasper Losely, who exercised so little foresight in the paramount question, viz., what, some day or other, will become of himself, was not likely to rack his brains by conjecturing!

Meanwhile Mrs. Crane was vigilant. The detective police-officer, sent to her by Mr. Rugge, could not give her the information which Rugge

desired, and which she did not longer need. She gave the detective some information respecting Madame Caumartin. One day, toward the evening, she was surprised by a visit from Uncle Sam. He called ostensibly to thank her for her kindness to his godson and nephew; and to beg her not to be offended if he had been rude to Mr. Losely, who, he understood from Dolly, was a particular friend of hers. "You see, ma'am, Samuel Dolly is a weak young man, and easily led astray; but, luckily for himself, he has no money and no stomach. So he may repent in time; and if I could find a wife to manage him, he has not a bad head for the main chance, and may become a practical man. Repeatedly I have told him he should go to prison, but that was only to frighten him—fact is, I want to get him safe down into the country, and he don't take to that. So I am forced to say, 'My box, home-brewed and south-down, Samuel Dolly, or a Lunnon jail, and debtors' allowance.' Must give a young man his choice, my dear lady."

Mrs. Crane, observing that what he said was extremely sensible, Uncle Sam warmed in his confidence.

"And I thought I had him, till I found Mr. Losely in his sick-room; but ever since that day, I don't know how it is, the lad has had something on his mind, which I don't half like—cracky, I think, my dear lady—cracky. I suspect that old nurse passes letters. I taxed her with it, and she immediately wanted to take her Bible-oath, and smelt of gin—two things which, taken together, look guilty."

"But," said Mrs. Crane, growing much interested, "if Mr. Losely and Mr. Poole do correspond, what then?"

"That's what I want to know, ma'am. Excuse me; I don't wish to disparage Mr. Losely—a dashing gent, and nothing worse, I dare say. But certain sure I am that he has put into Samuel Dolly's head something which has cracked it! There is the lad now up and dressed, when he ought to be in bed, and swearing he'll go to old Latham's to-morrow, and that long arrears of work are on his conscience! Never heard him talk of conscience before—that looks guilty! And it does not frighten him any longer when I say he shall go to prison for his debts, and he's very anxious to get me out of Lunnon; and when I threw in a word about Mr. Losely (slyly, my good lady—just to see its effect), he grew as white as that paper; and then he began strutting and swelling, and saying that Mr. Losely would be a great man, and that he should be a great man, and that he did not care for my money—he could get as much money as he liked. That looks guilty, my dear lady. And, oh," cried Uncle Sam, clasping his hands, "I do fear that he's thinking of something worse than he has ever done before, and his brain can't stand it. And, ma'am, he has a great respect for you, and you've a friendship for Mr. Losely. Now just suppose that Mr. Losely should have been thinking of what your flash sporting gents call a harmless spree, and my sister's son should, being cracky, construe it into something criminal. Oh, Mrs. Crane, do go and see Mr. Losely, and tell him that Samuel Dolly is not safe—is not safe!"

"Much better that I should go to your nephew," said Mrs. Crane; "and with your leave I will do so at once. Let me see him alone. Where shall I find you afterward?"

"At the Gloucester Coffee-house. Oh, my dear lady, how can I thank you enough. The boy can be nothing to you; but to me, he's my sister's son—the blackguard!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Dices laborantes in uno
Penelope vitreaque Circe.—HORAT.

MRS. CRANE found Poole in his little sitting-room, hung round with prints of opera-dancers, prize-fighters, race-horses, and the dog Billy. Samuel Dolly was in full dress. His cheeks, usually so pale, seemed much flushed. He was evidently in a state of high excitement, bowed extremely low to Mrs. Crane, called her Countess, asked if she had been lately on the Continent, and if she knew Madame Caumartin; and whether the nobility at St. Petersburg were jolly, or stuck-up fellows, who gave themselves airs—not waiting for her answer. In fact his mind was unquestionably disordered.

Arabella Crane abruptly laid her hand on his shoulder. "You are going to the gallows," she said, suddenly. "Down on your knees and tell me all, and I will keep your secret, and save you; lie—and you are lost!"

Poole burst into tears, and dropped on his knees as he was told.

In ten minutes Mrs. Crane knew all that she cared to know, possessed herself of Losely's letters, and, leaving Poole less light-headed and more light-hearted, she hastened to Uncle Sam at the Gloucester Coffee-house. "Take your nephew out of town this evening, and do not let him from your sight for the next six months. Hark you, he will never be a good man; but you may save him from the hulks. Do so. Take my advice." She was gone before Uncle Sam could answer.

She next proceeded to the private house of the detective with whom she had before conferred—this time less to give than to receive information. Not half an hour after her interview with him, Arabella Crane stood in the street wherein was placed the showy house of Madame Caumartin. The lamps in the street were now lighted—the street, even at day, a quiet one, was comparatively deserted. All the windows in the French woman's house were closed with shutters and curtains, except on the drawing-room floor. From those the lights within streamed over a balcony filled with gay plants—one of the casements was partially open. And now and then, where the watcher stood, she could just catch the glimpse of a passing form behind the muslin draperies, or hear the sound of some louder laugh. In her dark-gray dress, and still darker mantle, Arabella Crane stood motionless, her eyes fixed on those windows. The rare foot-passenger who brushed by her turned involuntarily to glance at the countenance of one so still, and then as involuntarily to survey the house to which that countenance was lifted. No such observer so incurious as not to hazard conjecture what evil to that house was boded by the dark lurid eyes that watched it with so fixed a menace. Thus she remained, sometimes, indeed, moving from her post, as a sentry moves from his, slowly pacing a few steps to and fro, returning to the same place, and again motionless; thus she remained for hours. Evening deepened into night—night grew near to dawn; she was still there in that street, and still her eyes were on that house. At length the door opened noiselessly—a tall man tripped forth with a light step, and humming the tune of a gay French *chanson*. As he came straight toward the spot where Arabella Crane was at watch, from her dark mantle stretched forth her long arm and lean hand, and seized him. He started, and recognized her.

"You here!" he exclaimed—"you!—at such an hour!—you!"

"I, Jasper Losely, here to warn you. To-morrow the officers of justice will be in that accursed house. To-morrow that woman—not for her worst crimes, they elude the law, but for her least, by which the law hunts her down—will be a prisoner. No—you shall not return to warn her as I warn you" (for Jasper here broke away, and retreated some steps toward the house); "or, if you do, share her fate. I cast you off."

"What do you mean?" said Jasper, halting, till with slow steps she regained his side. "Speak more plainly: if poor Madame Caumartin has got into a scrape, which I don't think likely, what have I to do with it?"

"The woman you call Caumartin fled from Paris to escape its tribunals. She has been tracked; the French Government have claimed her. Ho! you smile. This does not touch you."

"Certainly not."

"But there are charges against her from English tradesmen, and if it be proved that you knew her in her proper name—the infamous Gabrielle Desmarets—if it be proved that you have passed off the French *billets de banque* that she stole—if you were her accomplice in obtaining goods under her false name—if you, enriched by her robberies, were aiding and abetting her as a swindler here, though you may be safe from the French law, will you be safe from the English? You may be innocent, Jasper Losely; if so, fear nothing. You may be guilty; if so, hide, or follow me!"

Jasper paused. His first impulse was to trust implicitly to Mrs. Crane, and lose not a moment in profiting by such counsels of concealment or flight as an intelligence so superior to his own could suggest. But suddenly remembering that Poole had undertaken to get the bill for £1000 by the next day—that if flight were necessary, there was yet a chance of flight with booty—his constitutional hardihood, and the grasping cupidity by which it was accompanied, made him resolve at least to hazard the delay of a few hours. And after all, might not Mrs. Crane exaggerate? Was not this the counsel of a jealous woman? "Pray," said he, moving on, and fixing quick keen eyes on her as she walked by his side, "pray, how did you learn all these particulars?"

"From a detective policeman employed to discover Sophy. In conferring with him, the name of Jasper Losely as her legal protector was of course stated: that name was already coupled with the name of the false Caumartin. Thus, indirectly, the child you would have consigned to that woman, saves you from sharing that woman's ignominy and doom."

"Stuff!" said Jasper, stubbornly, though he winced at her words: "I don't, on reflection, see that any thing can be proved against me. I am not bound to know why a lady changes her name, nor how she comes by her money. And as to her credit with tradesmen—nothing to speak of; most of what she has got is paid for—what is not paid for her, is less than the worth of her goods. Pooh! I am not so easily frightened—much obliged to you all the same. Go home now; 'tis horridly late. Good-night, or rather good-morning."

"Jasper, mark me! if you see that woman again—if you attempt to save or screen her—I shall know, and you lose in me your last friend—last hope—last plank in a devouring sea!"

These words were so solemnly uttered that they thrilled the hard heart of the reckless man. "I have no wish to screen or save her," he said, with selfish sincerity. "And after what you have said, I would as soon enter a fire-ship as that house. But let me have some hours to consider what is best to be done."

"Yes, consider—I shall expect you to-morrow."

He went his way up the twilight streets toward a new lodging he had hired not far from the showy house. She drew her mantle closer round her gaunt figure, and, taking the opposite direction, threaded thoroughfares yet lonelier, till she gained her door, and was welcomed back by the faithful Bridgett.

QUARTER-DAY.

SAYS his landlord to Thomas, "Your rent I must raise,
I'm so plaguily pinch'd for the pelf."
"Raise my rent!" replies Thomas; "your honor's main good,
For I never can raise it myself."

A FEARFUL BALLOON ADVENTURE.

WE are not related. His name is John Griffiths, and I am William Waldur; and we called ourselves the Patagonian Brothers, because it looked well in the bills and pleased the public. We met by chance, about six years since, on the race-course at Doncaster, and so took a sort of mutual liking, and went partners in a tour through the midland counties. We had never seen or heard of each other up to that time; and, though we became good friends, were never greatly intimate. I knew nothing of his past life, nor he of mine, and I never asked him a question on the subject. I am particular to have this all clear from the beginning; for I am a plain man telling a plain story, and I want no one to misunderstand a word of what I am about to relate.

We made a little money by our tour. It was not much; but it was more than either of us had been able to earn before; so we agreed to stay together and try our fortune in London. This time we got an engagement at Astley's for the winter, and, when the summer came, joined a traveling circus, and roamed about as before.

The circus was a capital thing—a republic, so to say, in which all were equals. We had a manager, to whom we paid a fixed salary, and the rest went shares in the profits. There were times when we did not even clear our expenses; there were towns where we made ten and fifteen pounds a night; but the bad luck went along with the good, and, on the whole, we prospered.

We staid with the company two years and a half in all, and played at every town between York and London. During that time we had found leisure to improve. We knew each other's weight and strength now to a hair, and grew bolder with experience; so that there was scarcely a new feat brought out any where which we did not learn, even to the "perche" business, and the trick of walking, head downward, on a marble ceiling. The fact is that we were admirably matched, which, in our profession, is the most important point of all. Our height was the same, to the sixteenth of an inch, and we were not unlike in figure. If Griffiths possessed a little more muscular strength, I was the more active, and even that difference was in our favor. I believe that, in other respects, we suited each other equally well, and I know that, for the three years and a half which we had spent together (counting from our first meeting at Doncaster down to the time when we dissolved partnership with the circus folks), we had never had an angry word. Griffiths was a steady, saving, silent fellow enough, with little gray eyes, and heavy black brows. I remember thinking, once or twice, that he was not quite the sort of person I would like for an enemy; but that was in reference to no act of his, and only a fancy of my own. For myself, I can live with any one who is disposed to live with me, and love peace and good-will better than any thing in the world.

We had now grown so expert that we resolved to better ourselves and return to London, which we did somewhere about the end of February or the beginning of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five. We put up at a little inn in the Borough; and, before a week was over, found ourselves engaged by Mr. James Rice, of the Belvidere Tavern, at a salary of seven pounds a week. Now this was a great advance upon all our previous gains; and the Tavern was by no means a bad place for the founding of a theatrical reputation.

Situated half-way between the West End and the city, surrounded by a densely populated neighborhood, and lying in the very path of the omnibuses, this establishment was one of the most prosperous of its class. There was a theatre, and a concert-room, and a garden, where dancing, and smoking, and rifle-shooting, and supper-eating was going on from eight till twelve o'clock every night all through the summer, which made the place a special favorite with the working-classes.

Here, then, we were engaged (Griffiths and I), with a promise that our salary should be raised if we proved attractive; and raised it soon was, for we drew enormously. We brought out the perche and the ceiling business; came down, in the midst of fire-works, from a platform higher than the roof of the theatre; and, in short, did every thing that ever yet was done in our line—ay, and did it well, too; though perhaps it is not my place to say so. At all events the great colored posters were pasted up all over the town, and our salary was increased to fifteen pounds a week, and the gentleman who writes about the plays in the *Sunday Snub* was pleased to observe that there was no performance in London half so wonderful as that of the Patagonian Brothers—for which I take this opportunity to thank him kindly.

We lodged (of course, together) in a quiet street on a hill, near Islington. The house was kept by Mrs. Morrison, a respectable, industrious woman, whose husband had been a gas-fitter at one of the theatres, and who was now left a widow with one only daughter just nineteen years of age. She was very good, and very pretty. She was christened Alice, but her mother called her Ally, and we soon fell into the same habit; for they were very simple, friendly people, and we were soon as good friends as if we had all been living together in the same house for years.

I am not a good hand at telling a story, as, I dare say, you have found out by this time—and, indeed, I never did sit down to write one out before—so I may as well come to the point at once, and confess that I loved her. I also fancied, before many months were over, that she did not altogether dislike me; for a man's wits are twice as sharp when he is in love, and there is not a blush, or a glance, or a word, that he does not contrive to build some hope upon. So one day, when Griffiths was out, I went down stairs to the parlor, where she was sitting by the window sewing, and took a chair beside her.

"Ally, my dear," said I, stopping her right hand from working, and taking it up in both of mine, "Ally, my dear, I want to speak to you."

She blushed, and turned pale, and blushed again, and I felt the pulses in her little soft hand throbbing like the heart of a frightened bird, but she never answered a syllable.

"Ally, my dear," said I, "I am a plain man. I am thirty-two years of age. I don't know how to flatter like some folks, and I have had very little book-learning to speak of. But, my dear, I love you; and, though I don't pretend that you are the first girl I ever fancied, I can truly say that you are the first I ever cared to make my wife. So, if you'll take me, such as I am, I'll be a true husband to you as long as I live."

What answer she made, or whether she spoke at all, is more than I can undertake to tell; for my ideas were all confused, and I only remember that I kissed her, and felt very happy, and that, when Mrs. Morrison came into the room, she found me with my arm clasped round my darling's waist.

I scarcely know when it was that I first noticed the change in John Griffiths; but that it was somewhere about this time I am tolerably certain. It is hard to put looks into words, and to make account of trifles that, after all, are matters of feeling more than matters of fact; but others saw the change as well as myself, and no one could help observing that he grew to be more silent and unsociable than ever. He kept away from home as much as possible. He spent all his Sundays out, starting away the first thing after breakfast, and not coming back again till close upon midnight. He even put an end to our old friendly custom of walking home together after our night's work was over, and joined a sort of tap-room club that was kept up by a dozen or so of idle fellows belonging to the theatre. Worse than this, he scarcely exchanged a word with me from morning till night, even when we were at meals. He watched me about the room as if I had been a thief. And sometimes, though I am sure I never wronged him willingly in my life, I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his as if he hated me.

More than once I laid my hand upon his sleeve as he was hurrying away on Sundays, or turning off toward the club-room at night, and said, "Griffiths, have you got any thing against me?" or, "Griffiths, won't you come home to a friendly glass with me to-night?" But he either shook me off without a word, or muttered some sulky denial that sounded more like a curse than a civil answer; so I got tired of peace-making at last, and let him go his own way, and choose his own company.

The summer was already far advanced, and our engagement at the Belvidere had well-nigh ended, when I began to buy the furniture, and Ally to prepare her wedding things. Matters continued the same with John Griffiths; but, when the day was fixed, I made up my mind to try him once again, and invite him to the church and the dinner. The circumstances of that invitation are as clear in my memory as if the whole affair had taken place this morning.

It was on the twenty-ninth of July (I am particular about dates), and there had been a general call to rehearsal at one o'clock that day. The weather was warm and hazy, and I started early that I might not go in late or tired; for I knew that, what with the rehearsal and the new piece, and the Terrific Descent, I should have enough to do before my day's work was over. The consequence was that I arrived about twenty minutes too soon. The gardens had a dreary look by daylight; but they were pleasanter, anyhow, than the theatre; so I loitered up and down among the smoky trees, and watched the waiters polishing the stains off the tables in the summer-houses, and thought how shabby the fountains looked when they were not playing, and what miserable gimcrack concerns were the Stalactite Caves and the Cosmoramic Grottoes, and all the other attractions which looked so fine by the light of colored lamps and fire-works.

Well, just as I was sauntering on, turning these things over in my mind, whom should I see in one of the summer-houses but John Griffiths! He was lying forward upon the table with his face resting upon his clasped hands, sound asleep. An empty ale-bottle and glass stood close beside him, and his stick had fallen near his chair. I could not be mistaken in him, though his face was hidden; so I went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder.

"A fine morning, John!" says I. "I thought I was here early; but it seems that you were before me, after all."

He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice as if he had been struck, and then turned impatiently away.

"What did you wake me for?" he said, sullenly.

"Because I have news to tell you. You know that the sixth of August will be our last night here. Well, mate, on the seventh, please God, I'm going to be married, and—"

"Curse you!" he interrupted, turning a livid face upon me, and an eye that glared like a tiger's. "Curse you! How dare you come to me with that tale, you smooth-faced hound?—to me, of all men living?"

I was so little prepared for this burst of passion that I had nothing to say; and so he went on:

"Why can't you let me alone? Why do you tempt me for? I've kept my hands off of you till now . . . . "

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot. I am no coward—it's not likely that I should be a Patagonian Brother if I was; but the sight of his hatred seemed to turn me, for the moment, quite sick and giddy.

"My God!" said I, leaning up against the table, "what do you mean? Are you mad?"

He made no answer; but looked straight at me, and then walked away. I don't know how it was; but from that moment I knew all. It was written, somehow, in his face.

"Oh, Ally dear!" I said to myself, with a kind of groan, and sat down on the nearest bench; I believe that, at that moment, I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing

I did not see him again till we met on the stage, about an hour afterward, to go though our scene in

the rehearsal. It was a grand Easter piece with a great deal of firing, and real water, and a live camel in the last act; and Griffiths and I were Mozambique slaves, performing before the Rajah in the Hall of Candelabras. Excepting that it cost a great deal of money, that is all I ever knew about the plot; and, upon my word, I don't believe that any body else knew much more. By this time I had, of course, recovered my usual composure; but I could see that Griffiths had been drinking, for his face was flushed and his balance unsteady. When the rehearsal was over, Mr. Rice called us into his private room and brought out a decanter of sherry, with which, I must say, he was always as liberal as any gentleman could be.

"Patagonians," says he, for he had a wonderfully merry way with him, and always called us by that name, "I suppose you would make no objection to a little matter of extra work and extra pay on the sixth—just to end the season with something stunning—hey?"

"No, no, Sir, not we," replied Griffiths, in a sort of hearty manner that wasn't natural to him, "We're ready for any thing. Is it the flying business you spoke about the other day?"

"Better than that," said the manager, filling up the glasses. "It's a new French feat that has never yet been done in this country, and they call it the trapeze. Patagonians, your health!"

So we drank his in return, and Mr. Rice explained all about it. It was to be an exhibition of posturing and a balloon ascent both in one. At some distance below the car was to be secured a triangular wooden frame-work, which frame-work was called the trapeze. From the lower pole, or base of this triangle, one of us was to be suspended, with a ligature of strong leather attached to his ankle, in case of accidents. Just as the balloon was rising and this man ascending head downward, the other was to catch him by the hands and go up also, having, if he preferred it, some band or other to bind him to his companion. In this position we were then to go through our customary performances, continuing them so long as the balloon remained in sight.

"All this," said Mr. Rice, "sounds much more dangerous than it really is. The motion of a balloon through the air is so steady and imperceptible that, but for the knowledge of being up above the housetops, you will perform almost as comfortably as in the gardens. Besides, I am speaking to brave men who know their business, and are not to be dashed by a trifle—hey, Patagonians?"

Griffiths brought his hand down heavily upon the table, and made the glasses ring again.

"I'm ready, Sir," said he, with an oath. "I'm ready to do it alone, if any man here is afraid to go with me!"

He looked at me as he said this with a sort of mocking laugh that brought the blood up into my face.

"If you mean that for me, John," said I, quickly, "I'm no more afraid than yourself; and, if that's all about it, I'll go up to-night!"

If I was to try from now till this day next year, I never could describe the expression that came over his face as I spoke those words. It seemed to turn all the currents of my blood. I could not understand it then; but I understood it well enough afterward.

Well, Mr. Rice was mightily pleased to find us so willing, and a very few more words ended the matter. Mr. Staines and his famous Wurtemberg balloon were to be engaged; fifteen hundred additional colored lamps were to be hired; and Griffiths and I were to receive twelve pounds apiece for the evening, over and above our general salary.

Poor Ally! In the midst of the excitement I had forgotten her, and it was not till I was out of the theatre and walking slowly homeward that I remembered she must be told. For my own part, I did not believe there was the slightest danger; but I knew how her fears would magnify every thing, and the nearer I came toward Islington the more uncomfortable I felt. After all, I was such a coward—for I always am a coward where women are concerned—that I could not tell her that day, nor even the next; and it was only on Sunday, when we were sitting together after dinner, that I found courage to speak of it. I had expected something of a scene; but I had no idea that she would have taken on as she did, and I declare that, even then, if the posters had not been already out and myself bound in honor to act up to my engagement, I would have gone straight to Mr. Rice and declined the business altogether. Poor little, soft-hearted darling! it was a sore trial to her and to me also, and I was an inconsiderate idiot not to have thought of her feelings in the first instance. But there was no help for it now; so I gave her the only consolation in my power by solemnly promising that I would be the first man tied to the trapeze. It was, of course, the safest position, and when I had assured her of this, she grew calmer. On all other points I kept my own counsel, as you may be certain; and as to John Griffiths, I saw less of him than ever. He even took his meals in the city now, and during the seven days that elapsed between the twenty-ninth and the sixth, never once came face to face with me, except upon the stage.

I had a hard matter to get away from home when the afternoon of the sixth came round. My darling clung about me as if her heart would break, and although I did my best to cheer her, I don't mind confessing now that I went out and cried a tear or two in the passage.

"Keep up your spirits, Ally, dear," says I, smiling and kissing her the last thing before I left the house. "And don't be spoiling your pretty eyes in that way. Remember that I want you to look well, and that we are to be married to-morrow!"

The multitude in the Belvidere Gardens was something wonderful. There they were—men, women, and children—thronging the balconies, the orchestra stairs, and every available inch of ground; and there, in the midst of them, rolled and swayed the huge Wurtemberg balloon, like a sleepy, lolling giant. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, that we might come down again by daylight; so I made haste to dress, and then went to the green-room to see after Mr. Rice, and hear something of what was going forward.

Mr. Rice was there, and three gentlemen with him, namely, Colonel Steward, Captain Crawford, and Sydney Baird, Esquire. They were fine handsome looking gentlemen, all three—especially Sydney Baird, Esquire, who was, as I have since been told, a play-writer, and one of the cleverest men of the day. I was going to draw back when I saw them sitting there with their wine and cigars; but they would have me in to take a glass of port, and shook hands with me all round as polite as possible, and treated me as handsome as any gentlemen could.

"Here's health and success to you, my brave fellow," says Colonel Steward, "and a pleasant trip to us all!" and then I found that they were going up in the car with Mr. Staines.

And now, what with their light cheerful ways and pleasant talking, and what with the glass of wine that I had taken, and the excitement, and the hum of voices from the crowd outside, I was in first-rate spirits, and as impatient to be off as a racer at the starting-point. Presently one of the gentlemen looked at his watch.

"What are we waiting for?" said he. "It is ten minutes past six already."

And so it was. Ten minutes past the hour, and Griffiths had not yet been seen or heard of. Well, Mr. Rice grew very uneasy, and the crowd very noisy, and so twenty minutes more went by. Then we made up our minds to go without him, and Mr. Rice made a little speech and explained it to the people; and then there was a cheer, and a great bustle; and the gentlemen took their seats in the car; and a hamper full of Champagne and cold chicken was put in with them; and I was made fast by one leg to the base of the trapeze; and Mr. Staines was just about to get in himself and give the signal to cut loose, when who should we see forcing his way through the crowd but Griffiths.

Of course there was another cheer at this, and a delay of eight or ten minutes more while he was dressing. At last he came, and it was now just a quarter to seven o'clock. He looked very sullen when he found that he was to be the undermost; but there was no time to change any thing now, even if I had been willing; so his left wrist and my right were bound together by a leathern strap, the signal was given, the band struck up, the crowd applauded like mad, and the balloon rose straight and steady above the heads of the people.

Down sank the trees and the fountains, and the pavement of upturned faces. Down sank the roof of the theatre, and fainter grew the sound of the hurrahing and the music. The sensation was so strange that, for the first moment, I was forced to close my eyes, and felt as if I must fall and be dashed to pieces. But that soon passed away, and by the time we had risen to about three hundred feet I was as comfortable as if I had been born and bred in the air with my head downward.

Presently we began our performances. Griffiths was as cool as possible—I never saw him cooler—and we went through every conceivable attitude; now swinging by our hands, now by our feet, now throwing summersaults one over the other. And during the whole of this time the streets and squares seemed to sink away to the right, and the noises from the living world died on the air—and, as I turned and slung, changing my position with every minute, I caught strange flitting glimpses of the sunset and the city, the sky and the river, the gentlemen leaning over the car and the tiny passengers swarming down below like ants on an ant-hill.

Then the gentlemen grew tired of leaning over, and began to talk and laugh, and busy themselves over their hamper. Then the Surrey hills drew nearer, and the city sank away to the right, farther and farther. Then there were nothing but green fields with lines of railway crossing them here and there; and presently it grew quite damp and misty, and we ceased to see any thing, except through breaks and openings in the clouds.

"Come, John," says I, "our share of this business is done. Don't you think we might as well be getting into the car?"

He was hanging below just then, holding on by my two hands, and had been hanging so quite quiet for some minutes. He didn't seem to hear me; and no wonder, for the clouds were gathering about us so thickly that even the voices of the gentlemen up above grew muffled, and I could hardly see for a yard before me in any direction. So I called to him again, and repeated the question.

He made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and then up to the middle of my arm, so raising himself by degrees, till our faces came nearly on a level. There he paused, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"William Waldur," said he, hoarsely, "wasn't to-morrow to have been your wedding-day?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the question, in the dusk and dreadful solitude, struck me with horror. I tried to shake off his hands, but he held too fast for that.

"Well, what if it was?" said I, after a moment. "You needn't grip so hard. Catch hold of the pole, will you? and let go of my arms."

He gave a short hard laugh, but never stirred.

"I suppose we're about two thousand feet high," says he, and it seemed to me that he had something between his teeth. "If either of us was to fall, he'd be a dead man before he touched the ground."

I would have given the world at that moment to be able to see his face; but what with my own head being downward, and all his weight hanging to my arms, I had no more power than an infant.

"John!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean? Catch hold of the pole, and let me do the same. My head's on fire!"

"Do you see this?" said he, catching my arms a couple of inches higher up, and looking right into my face. "Do you see this?"

It was a large, open clasp-knife, and he was holding it with his teeth. His breath seemed to hiss over the cold blade. "I bought it this evening—I hid it in my belt—I waited till the clouds came round and there was no soul to see. Presently I shall cut you away from the balloon. I took an oath that you should never have her, and I mean to keep it!"

A dimness came over my eyes, and every thing grew red. I felt that in another minute I should be insensible. He thought I was so already, and, letting my arms free, made a spring at the pole overhead.

That spring saved me. Our wrists were bound together, and as he rose he drew me along with him; for I was so faint and giddy that I could make no effort for myself.

I saw him hold by the pole with his left hand; I saw him take the knife in his right; I felt the cold steel pass between his wrist and mine, and then . . . . .

And then, the horror of the moment gave me back my strength, and I clung to the frame-work just as the thong gave way.

We were separated now, and I was still secured to the trapeze by one ankle. He had only his arms to trust to—and the knife.

Oh, the deadly, deadly strife that followed! it sickens me to think of it. His only hope now lay in the cursed weapon; and so, clinging to the wood-work with one hand, he strove to stab me with the other.

It was life or death now, and I grew desperate. To feel his murderous clutch upon my throat, and, in the silence of that hideous struggle, to hear the report of a Champagne cork—followed by a peal of careless laughter—overhead . . . . Oh, it was worse than death, a hundred times over!

I can not tell how long we clung thus, each with a hand upon the other's throat. It may have been only a few seconds; but it seemed like hours to me. The question was simply which should be strangled first.

Presently his gripe relaxed, his lips became dead-white, and a shudder ran through every fibre of his body. He had turned giddy!

Then a cry burst from him—a cry like nothing human. He made a false clutch at the trapeze, and reeled over. I caught him, just in time, by the belt round his waist.

"It's all over with me," he groaned between his set teeth. "It's all—over—with me! Take your revenge!" Then his head fell heavily back, and he hung, a dead weight on my arm.

I did take my revenge; but it was hard work, and I was already half exhausted. How I contrived to hold him up, to unbind my foot, and to crawl, so laden, up the ropes, is more than I can tell; but my presence of mind never failed me for an instant, and I suppose the excitement gave me a sort of false strength while it lasted. At all events I did it, though I now only remember climbing over the basket-work, and seeing the faces of the gentlemen all turned upon me as I sank to the bottom of the car, scarcely more alive than the burden in my arms.

He is a penitent man now, an Australian settler, and, as I am told, well to do in those parts.

This is my story, and I have no more to tell.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AARON BURR.

"Confound all provincial gazettes!" was the sweeping exclamation of Bob, as he came down to our bachelor breakfast. "I don't know where the deuce the paper came from—perhaps around some bundle—but just as I was preparing for bed I took it up and glanced a moment over the columns. In the Poets' Corner was that everlasting poem of 'The Raven,' by Poe; and below it was a collection of odds and ends relating to Aaron Burr, who has been so industriously dug up by the penny-a-liners from Bangor to Utah. I thought to manufacture some sleep out of the perusal, and in fifteen minutes succeeded in so doing; but the worst of it is I was bored all night long by the ghost of Aaron Burr!"

"By the ghost of Aaron Burr!" exclaimed I, dropping my omelette.

"Egg-zactly so," added tormentor Bob; "and while my coffee there is settling I'll tell you what happened.

"I seemed to be in our library down stairs fronting the case, in which are the fine copies of Adams, Jefferson, etc., etc., down to the last Paixhan gun from old Benton, in the shape of his Debates. I was about to take down a book from the collection when I heard a sigh, and, looking around, saw upon the sofa, leaning calmly upon the satin pillow which charming Lizzie B—— worked for me, a medium-sized gentleman, with a care-worn face, in a suit of dusky black of the pinched-up-collar-and-coat-tail style of thirty years ago, coolly surveying me with the most remarkable gray eyes I had ever seen. I arose, and was about making an exclamation, when the figure, but without stirring, said, 'Don't disturb yourself, I pray; be seated. I am Colonel Burr!'

"Mechanically I sat down and stammered, 'Why—I—thought—you—were—dead.'

"'Dead, Sir! not by any means. I have just left my friend Parton, Sir—capital fellow he—and my lips are still wet with his choice Madeira steeped in fresh ferns. And what is more, Sir, I never intend to die. I've been absent a few years in a distant country; but since my friend Parton and the newspaper editors have held a consultation over me, I intend to be immortal and live forever!'

"Recovering myself for a moment, I rubbed my eyes, sounded my ears, stood up, sat down, and then heard a grave voice croak, 'Nevermore.' Upon the mantle over Burr's head sat that confounded Raven of Poe!

"The Colonel's eye followed mine, and he said, 'Ah, you observe my attendant; rare bird that, Sir, and has been with me often "into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore." The fact is, the bird is a gift from a "sainted maiden whom they call Lenore," and I prize it on her account.'

"'Ah, indeed!' I stammered, again rubbing my eyes and unsealing my ears.

"'But the bird interrupted me, yet not inaptly, for I shall never die—nevermore. The only fault I have to find with my existence is, that I lived in public life fifty years before I should. I was a statesman before the age was ready for me. The era that makes Clanricarde a minister, and furnishes audiences for Lola Montez, and crowded court-rooms for beautiful Mrs. Woodman, would have been charmed and delighted with my little tricks with female society. And indeed, when the land worships General William Walker, the inhabitants would have deified Colonel Burr for hinting at his Western Empire. Instead of having been tried for my life, I might have had an election to the Presidency, or been manager of a calico ball, or attained any other high position. *For in me, Sir, you behold the first Filibuster!* Had I not sworn a bitter oath never to leave private life again, I would be after Cuba and South America to-morrow.'

"'Taking courage, I managed here to slip in, 'Or perhaps Utah!'

"'Utah!' cried the Colonel, springing to his feet, fascinating me with his eyes, and reaching out his long finger until my bones creaked like the cordage of a ship in a wintry midnight, '*that* ignominy must be taken away from the government. Taken away! What said the Latin grammar? Why that Utah, fruor, fungor, and potior governed the ablative. *Utor consilio* is the example of the rule I would give Mr. Buchanan out of the Eton grammar he no doubt yet preserves among his Lancasterian methods.'

"'It is certainly, as you say, a very ignominious institution, this polygamy,' I interrupted.

"He almost sprung at my throat as he said, 'Sir, I said no such thing! What, Aaron Burr quarrel with polygamy! Sir, I was an original Mormon. Had I founded my Western Empire, Salt Lake would have been my capital. I was always friendly to polygamy. But, as I said before, I was in advance of my age even in that practice.'

"He caught my eye again as it rested upon a book on the table rack—the last *imbroglio* volume by John C. Hamilton.

"'Stop,' he continued, menacing me with his finger, 'I know what you would say. That this age would not have countenanced my killing the General. I say it would! I acknowledge to you that I intended to kill him. I murdered him. I glory in it. All this stuff in the papers about my remorse is sheer *bosh*. As a murderer, this age would have gloried in me. My picture would have graced all shop-fronts. Lawyers would have caressed me; judges extended to me every indulgence. Juries would have held levees for my entertainment.'

"My eye rested upon the next book, Randall's entertaining volume on Jefferson, and the sharp gray eye saw that also, and the owner of it snapped his finger contemptuously.

"'*There* was another instance of my being in advance of the age. Such political intrigues as I practiced toward Jefferson would, in this day and generation of Congressmen, have earned me gold medals from each State. The present is the time for intrigues, and I would have been the leader in all of them. Do you remember my Manhattan Water-works Charter with the concealed banking proviso? People said *that* was knavish. But now-adays how I could have made money drafting laws to evade the Constitution!'

"The old gentleman was getting prosy, so I struck in with an audacious remark: 'But, Colonel, how about these letters in divers blue boxes, barrels, sacks, and Heaven knows what all? Would this age tolerate that?'

"'Yes!' he shouted.

"The Raven croaked 'Nevermore,' and I awoke.

"Am I not right, then, in confounding the country newspapers?"

"Well, Bob, my dear friend," rejoined I, "you had a confounded dream, that's a fact; but, after all, your friend the Colonel was more than half right in his observations."

Bob made no rejoinder, but fell to abusing the coffee and chops, while I adjourned to pen, ink, and paper.

THE WAR IN MEXICO.

[From our own Correspondent.]

City of Mexico, Jan. 19, 1858.

I have only been here a day or two, but events have followed each other so rapidly that it seems months since I left Vera Cruz. You will see by the daily papers that the contest between Comonfort and the rival party has come to open fighting.

On 9th instant two proclamations, or *pronunciamientos*, were published by the opponents of the Government, and straightway afterward, according to the custom of the country, churches and other strong buildings began to be fortified and prepared to resist siege operations. Men might have been noticed carrying shot and ammunition to the roofs of commanding houses; heavily-laden carts followed each other, in strings, *en route* for a safe refuge in the country; merchants and bankers shut up their offices, and wound up such of their affairs as could be brought to a close; private citizens who could not leave the city laid in large stocks of provisions, and brought down mattresses to barricade their windows. Every body seemed to understand what was coming; there was no surprise expressed any where; a revolution and street-fights were calmly awaited as matters of course; and many speculated on the probable amount of the carnage. Clubs were formed in various parts of the city for the protection of the life and property of non-combatants; but most people seemed to trust little to these organizations. Those who had money or valuables hid or buried them; as for their persons, they kept them as far out of harm's way as they could.

As early as Monday evening, 11th, shots were fired from the head-quarters of both parties; and

THE MORNING TRUCE FOR MARKETING.

accordingly, on Tuesday, and on the following day, the streets were completely deserted. Whenever an unfortunate wayfarer was seen, he was fired at from the tops of houses; and in this way it is believed many unwary foreigners have met their deaths. During the nights the streets were barricaded with sand-bags and stones, and in some places the barricade was strengthened by a piece of cannon, placed so as to sweep the street. But the favorite site for the fighting was on the house-tops. The flat roofs of the houses in the City of Mexico are, as you may be aware, a not uncommon retreat for the citizens during the hot nights of the summer months. They are well adapted, too, for military purposes. A few sand-bags convert them into so many forts, from whence a brisk fire can be kept up with very little risk to the gunners. Indeed, the only modes of attacking these house-top forts are either by assault from within the house, which would be utterly at variance with the

THE HOUSE-TOP FIGHTING IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Mexican system of fighting, or by shelling them from a distance. The immense destruction of property which this mode of attack would involve deters the Government from resorting to it.

Throughout Tuesday and Wednesday sporadic firing was heard, with no greater result, that I can gather, than the loss of some eighty to one hundred lives on all sides, many of whom were, doubtless, stragglers in the streets. On Thursday morning, it being generally understood that the efforts of the diplomatic corps and other officious intermediaries had failed to suggest a compromise on which both parties could agree, a very heavy fire indeed was commenced from the Convent of San Augustin, which was occupied by the *pronunciados*, or insurgents. The Comonfort party were not at first in a position to return it with effect. But in the course of an hour or two a strong body of troops were led to an adjacent building, which they forced and occupied. From the roof of this they were able to return the rebels' fire with at least a semblance of effect. From that time till the present the fighting has been almost incessant. Both parties blaze away at each other with cannon and musketry till they are tired; but I don't think the shots do much damage, as a rule. There are about five thousand men engaged on either side; but all of these keep close under cover, and the marksmen are none of the best. Every now and then a lucky shot knocks over a poor fellow, as he leans over the breast-work of his house-top to look about him or take aim, and then the offices of the female ecclesiastics, nuns, or sisters of charity, are called into requisition. But these accidents are rare, in proportion to the amount of powder spent. The illustration on page 125 may convey some idea of this house-top fighting.

President Comonfort, whom I heartily admire for his pluck and gallantry, has offered to fight the *pronunciados* with any force they can raise if they will only march twenty miles from the city. But this challenge has not been accepted. The interest of rebels is naturally opposed to conservative measures; they would rather Comonfort were obliged to batter down half the city than not. As I write the cannon shots boom at very rapid intervals, and though life may be sparingly sacrificed there must be no slight damage done to houses and walls. If this conflict lasts much longer, Mexico may lose some of her finest edifices.

One of the most curious and characteristic incidents of the conflict is the morning truce which has just been declared. As while the fighting was going on no one ventured into the streets save at the risk of his life, many of the poorer inhabitants, who had not had forethought or means to lay in a stock of provisions, soon became reduced to the verge of starvation. For their sake, Comonfort, on the government side, and the *pronunciado* chiefs on the other, agreed that there should be every morning a truce for three hours to enable people to go to market, and hucksters and others to earn a livelihood. As might have been expected, the idea is very popular. The effect is that the business of the day is crowded into three hours. When the truce begins every body rushes into the streets to buy or to sell; every thoroughfare is thronged with market women and peddlers; housekeepers hasten to lay in an ample provision of victuals for the day's siege; poor mechanics hurry hither and thither trying to raise a few cents by the sale of some article of household furniture or gaudy apparel. The combatants on either side mingle in the throng, buy eatables and drinkables, and occasionally men from the hostile camps fraternize in the most ardent manner. In the general *mêlée* you may see plenty of sleek, fat priests, gliding unctuously through the crowd, and looking so pacific and amiable that, unless you knew the story, you would never suspect that they were the true originators of the anarchy and war now pending. At the close of the armistice, which is announced by the ringing of bells and lowering of flags, quickly followed by the rattle of musketry, a terrible scurry and race begin. Of course, many persons are taken by surprise, and some, I have reason to suppose, are shot before they can get home. The true plan, if you are so careless as to be overtaken away from home, is to slip into the first open door you find and make yourself at home till the truce begins next day. Those who have families, however, naturally object to being separated from them, and the confusion and scamper at the fatal hour are tremendous.

No one can tell where this will end. The longer the conflict lasts the worse it is for the government. If Comonfort had followed the dictates of his own judgment, he would have pursued the course which his enemies the *Puros* now advocate; he would have stripped the Church, and with the proceeds of the spoliation he would have been able to support a stable government for many years, and probably to regenerate Mexico. His heart failed him after he had begun the work, and now he is feeling the consequences.

C. B.

Since the above letter was written we have received telegraphic advices of the end of the conflict, as follows:

On the morning of the 21st ult. Comonfort, having been abandoned by his troops, left the City of Mexico when the *pronunciados* entered the Palace and named a *Corsigo de Notables* as the head of the Government, and Notables elected Zeuiaga as Provisional President of Puebla, Toluca, and other points within the radius of the city. He acknowledged the Government which had been organized and nominated its Ministers. They, however, up to the 7th inst., had not a single port, and were depending upon the clergy for support.

Juarazer, as President of the Supreme Court, is President of the Republic under the Constitution, and has called Congress together at Guanajánito, the great point of union of the Liberals, while Parodi de Clado and Artenja Degaledo, at several points, are preparing to unite and march against Mexico.

Lazare holds Orizaba, and the castle of Perote is in the hands of the Liberals.

Don Juan Alvarez is said to have all his forces under arms in the State of Guarero.

HEED NOT THE ERRING CHILD.

BY C. B. HANKINSON.

Heed not
The erring child,
Pass her by.
Heed not
Her accents wild,
Let her cry.

Hear not
Her dying moan,
Onward hie.
Hear not
Her parting groan,
Let her die.

Stop not
To shed a tear,
Nor come nigh.
Stop not
To mourn her here,
Pass her by.

Sound not
The tolling bell,
To the sky.
Sound not
Her funeral knell,
Out on high.

Leave her
Alone to rest,
Close her eye:
Calmly
On earth's cold breast,
Let her lie.

Down in
Her lonely bed,
Cover her o'er.
Leave her
With Him who said;
"*Go, sin no more.*"

Miscellany.

VALUE OF INTELLECTUAL TRAINING.

"What is the use of reading?" said Louis XIV. to the Duke de Montemar, the handsomest and wittiest of his courtiers.

"It has the same effect upon the mind, Sire, that your dainties have upon my cheeks."

The Duke was remarkable for a fine complexion.

Sir John Herschel says: "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things should go against me and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading."

This taste for literature, this habit of cultivating the mind, should be formed in early life. The mental soil becomes so overgrown with weeds, if these are allowed to take root in the spring, that late in the summer neither flowers nor fruits have room to expand:

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

The young girl whose immortal faculties are all frittered away upon flounces and opera-music will grow into a vapid, silly old woman, shunned by the selfish, tolerated by the generous, and incapable of inspiring any higher sentiment than the compassion nearly allied to contempt. A butterfly belle may, at sixteen, attract "the white-gloved beaux;" but, alas! for a butterfly of sixty! Instances of such, and deplorable ones, too, we have seen; there are few more humiliating spectacles for our sex. Skill in the fine arts is delightful—a source of unfailing pleasure to its possessor and her circle of friends; but it is only in rare instances that nature gives talent for art worth the years of time and the very large amount of money necessary before the woman can attain an excellence that rewards her and her family for their sacrifices. The cultivation of elegant literature is in the power of every one who has leisure; and what young lady has not time on her hands? It is the cheapest, the easiest of accomplishments. Is it the least valuable? Which is the more desirable friend or companion? Which is capable of giving more entertainment at home or abroad, by the fireside or in the largest assembly? the woman who can warble half a dozen *cavatinas* as well as a tenth-rate opera-singer, or she whose well-stored, well-balanced mind is filled with the bright ideas of the best writers of every age; whose ample fund of knowledge is ready on every occasion; whose wit—not erratic or sarcastic, but properly curbed and tempered with kindness—gives brilliancy to old thoughts; and whose well-cultured judgment is able to produce new ideas? We can dance and sing but a few years at most; we can converse all our lives, unless our intellects have been weakened by years of habitual repression and factitious torpor.

THE WOMEN.

Women are the real efficients that settle the great points of human existence. They exert their influence at a number of distinct epochs. They fetter us (males) alike before and after marriage; though many of them are wise enough to silence the clanking, and to conceal the iron. They rule us in infancy—in maturity—in age. No other hand knows the tender, adroit, and proper mode of binding our brows in pain and sickness. They stand by us in the last agonies with untiring and undismayed faithfulness. They soothe our dying moments. They shed the choicest tears of memory that water our turf. They are purer, less selfish, less destitute of true moral courage, more susceptible of kind and generous impressions, and far more so of religious feeling than men. Surely, then, every thing which concerns the education of this better-half of the species must be of intrinsic importance. If this world is ever to become a better and happier world, Woman, well educated, disciplined, and principled, sensible of her own influence, and wise and benevolent to exert it aright, must be the original mover in this great work.

STORY OF A JEW.

The Countess D'Aulnoy, in her "Letters from Spain," relates this anecdote of an escape from the Holy Office of the Inquisition: "A Jew, named Ishmael, was put into the prison of the Inquisition of Seville, with his father, who was a Rabbin of their law. After four years of confinement, Ishmael, having made a hole, climbed up to the top of the tower, and, making use of ropes which he had provided, he slid down the wall with a great deal of danger; but having got down, he reproached himself for having abandoned his father. And without considering the risk he had run, after more than one manner, seeing his father and he were condemned, and were to be led, in a few days, to Madrid, with several others, to suffer there the greatest torment; yet this hindered not his determination, for he generously climbed up the tower, descended into the dungeon, drew from thence his father, made him escape before him, and got away himself."

VANITY.

"Every man," said Swift, "has just as much vanity as he wants understanding."

ENGLISH CREDULITY.

A gentleman informs us that, traveling in the West a few years since, he saw on one occasion about a thousand men and women in a grove, rolling hoops, flying kites, playing ball, shooting marbles, leaping, running, wrestling, boxing, rolling and tumbling in the grass, the women caressing dolls, and the men astride of sticks for horses, and the whole company intently engaged in all the sports of childhood. At last he ventured to ask what it meant. They told him that they were the little children to whom the Lord had promised His kingdom, and affected some surprise that he seemed not to have known that it was written, "Except ye be converted and become *as little children*," etc.

Again:

Not very long ago two clergymen of the Episcopal Church, traveling in Kentucky, called at a farmer's house, and not finding him at home, waited a while for his return, as night was near and they had occasion to claim his hospitality. By-and-by the farmer came home, and as he rode into the yard, or rather after he had dismounted, *sang* out to his man in a most extraordinary tone—

Go, give that horse some ears of corn,
He hasn't had any since I've been gone,
Glory Alleluia!

Then leading the two gentlemen into the house, he said—

Come in, my friends, and take something to eat;
Go, Katy, go, cook them a portion of meat:
Glory Alleluia!

It is easy for an American to see from the above (copied from an English paper) that the whole story about America has not yet been imparted to the people of Europe.

A RAPID TOILET.

Once more settled down we found time to be hungry, and accordingly ordered tea. Who could paint our despair when the men proclaimed that there was neither tea nor kettle to boil water in—both having been left behind! We had plenty of provisions with brandy and Ouralian nalifka, and these enabled us to make a meal. There is, however, nothing which can be compared to the beverage "that cheers but not inebriates," and makes the traveler supremely comfortable after a day of hard toil. We sat talking over our misfortune and the anticipated pleasures of the morrow, till past one o'clock; then lay down on the rocks and wrapped ourselves up for the night; but the joint effects of wine and smoke had given me a violent headache, which prevented me sleeping. A little before three o'clock I was up, and my toilet made, by rubbing the smoke out of my eyes, and giving myself a shake.—*Atkinson's Oriental and Western Siberia.*

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER!

Hoot away despair!
Never yield to sorrow;
The blackest sky may wear
A sunny face to-morrow.

LITTLE COURTESIES.

How much of meaning, of refinement, ay, of Christianity itself, there is in those little incidental attentions and politenesses which go a great way in making up the beauty of life!

We have known very many people—good, warm-hearted, and generous—who were capable of almost any act of self-sacrifice and abnegation, who would never have condescended to raise their hat to a lady, or offer her a glass of water, before drinking themselves. This is frequently the fault of a coarse-grained nature, but perhaps most often the result of early education. Indeed, we always think a man's manners are the "living epistle, known and read of all men," of his mother's training. Habitual politeness can only make a man a thorough gentleman—a woman a true lady. And this is most easily acquired in childhood, and in one's own household. If a boy be respectful and courteous to his sisters, he will be so to all women, so long as he lives; but if his intercourse with them be coarse, careless, abrupt, not softened and refined by a thousand nameless little attentions and graces, he will be rough, awkward—not fulfilling always the beautiful injunction of the apostle, "Be ye courteous to all men." Then, too, outward refinement influences and softens the inward character; for it is a law of our being that "expression intensifies the emotions and feelings."

But this work, after all, lies with every mother in the land—in the world; and we can only hope that these hints may influence some to consider it.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It was a beautiful compliment that Haydn, the musician, paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia, listening to celestial music. Looking at it, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

"Pompey, did you take that note to Mr. Jones?" "Es, massa." "Did you see him?" "Es, Sar, me did." "How did he look?" "Why, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he's so blind." "Blind! what do you mean by that?" "Why, massa, when I was in de room gibbin de paper, he axed me whar my hat was, and perhaps you won't believe me, but massa, he war on de top of my hed de hull time."

During a recent trial in Essex county, Mass., a man was placed upon the stand to testify as to some boundaries of land. "How long have you lived in Gloucester?" asked the plaintiff's counsel, in a loud tone, approaching very near the witness. "Hey?" said the man, placing his hand behind an ear, and leaning forward. "How long have you lived in Gloucester?" repeated the lawyer, separating the words, with a tremendous roar. "Ah," replied the witness, "yes, about two rods." "You may step down," said the lawyer. "Yes," replied the witness, "it might be a little more."

An Indiana paper says that, during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was called as a witness was asked if he knew the obligations of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he would go where the lawyers went.

Hippolyte Lucas, a serious writer, in whom criticism finds no cause of attack but a long nose, was playing chess the other day with Louis Desnoyers at a moment when he was suffering from a cold in his head. "Blow your nose, my dear fellow," said Desnoyers, with considerable good-humor, as he saw him losing. "Blow it yourself," said Lucas. "It's nearer you than I."

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical senorisity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, Sir."

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he regretted "that circumstances repugnant to the acquiesce would prevent his acceptance to the invite."

The Marechal d'Etrees, aged one hundred and three, heard of the death of the Duke de Treame at the age of ninety-three. "I am very sorry for it," said the Marechal, "but not surprised; he was a poor worn-out creature; I always said that man would never live long."

The young lady who swooned on hearing it announced that a naked fact would be disclosed, came to on receiving positive assurance that it would be clothed in becoming language.

A man, named Guio, of Cincinnati, cut off a young girl's hair, just for a joke, but was arrested and sent to jail for ten days on bread-and-water diet. It will puzzle him to discover, now, where the laugh comes in at his own joke.

"Oh, Johnny!" said one little boy to another, "let us play fighting! and you stand on the table; that's the fort; and I'll be the enemy, and undermine the fort, and blow it up—take the table by the legs, you know, and tip you over. Won't it be fun?" Johnny was doubtful, and suggested that Charley stand upon the table, or else he must decline playing.

The man who did not think it respectable to bring up his children to work, has just heard from his three sons. One of them was a driver on a canal, another had been taken up as a vagrant, and the third had gone to a public institution to learn the shoe business under a keeper.

Two gentlemen were chatting on the Boulevard; one was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project; the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. He hesitated a little, but was just yielding, merely making a few objections for conscience' sake. Near these two paused a couple of youngsters of twelve years. They were looking into a tobacco shop close by, and one cries out to the other: "By the piper! I'd like to smoke a sou's worth of tobacco." "Well," said the other, "buy a sou's worth." "Ah! as luck will have it, I haven't the sou." "Hold on! I've got two sous." "That's the ticket! just the thing—one for the pipe and one for the tobacco." "Oh, yes, but what am I to do?" "*You! Oh! you shall be the stockholder; you can spit.*" It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled. The speculator cast a furious look at the urchins and turned down the street.

Mr. Lyons of Scottsburg, Oregon, was so unfortunate as to lose his eyesight when a boy, and long before he came to Oregon. At the beginning of that shower of rain which commenced along the coast of Oregon early in November, 1856, and which lasted until the following April, a gentleman who had been indulging in something stronger than Oregon rain-water said to him,

"Mr. Lyons, you are the most fortunate man I've met with in Oregon."

"How so?" said Mr. Lyons.

"Why, Sir, you are unable to see what a miserable country it is that you are living in!"

"Does my son William, that's in the army, get plenty to eat?" said an old lady to a recruiting sergeant, the other day. "He sees plenty," was the laconic reply. "Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

"Why am de beloved ob my heart, Miss Dinah, de sunflower ob de hill, like a kind of cloth dey make in Lowell?" "I don't know, nigger. Why?" "Cos she's an *unbleached she-ting.*"

If you are determined to commit suicide in consequence of poverty, do the deed early in the morning instead of late at night, and you will save the expense of three meals.

Drop by drop falls into the clear well-spring of youth the bitter water of experience, and there is no filterer this side of the grave that can restore the old purity.

A man well known for his uncommon avarice was boasting to Quin that he had lost a considerable sum at play without uttering a word of complaint. "No doubt," replied Quin, "*deep* sorrow is always silent."

Charles Bannister going into a pastry cook's shop with Parsons, the latter gentleman was very curious in examining an electric eel, and inquired of Bannister what sort of a pie he thought it would make. "A *shock*-ing one," was the reply.

A verdant Yankee expectant for office was advised the other day to apply for the consulship at the Lobos Islands, *vice Guano removed.* He had his letter written before he discovered the joke.

A coxcomb, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he never could go out without catching a cold in his head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without any thing in it."

"Are those pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-fancier, with whom he was negotiating for a pair. "Yes, Sir," said the dealer, confidentially, "I raised them 'ere birds from this very canary seed."

In a recent ride to Peoria, says a Western editor, we discovered the following placard upon a gate-post:—"for Sail too story Hows And ben the Oner Xpex to Go 2 californy."

A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "We raised them."

Dr. Jackson, the elder, of Boston, meeting his old friend Josiah Quincy (both past eighty years of age) on the sidewalk, accosted him with, "Well, Mr. Quincy, how much longer do you intend to live?"

"Till I send for a doctor," was the quick reply.

"And when did you send for one last?" inquired Dr. J.

"Just eighty-six years ago!" answered Mr. Quincy, adding the precise date of his birth.

An Episcopal clergyman, who rather likes a joke, was engaged to read the service for a brother minister, and was hurrying to church a little belated on Sunday morning. A friend, struck by his uncommon speed, inquired, "Sir, why so fast?"

"In order," said he, "that he who runs may read."

Alexander Dumas receives twenty cents a line for his romances. One of his constant readers estimates that he has received twenty-five thousand francs for the single line, "A cold perspiration stood upon the forehead of the countess," which occurs in most of his stories.

The Syracuse *Journal* tells the following good story: "A man not a thousand miles from Syracuse having made an assignment, some years since, was called upon by a New York creditor, to whom he exhibited his books, and with whom he proposed to settle at fifty cents on the dollar.

"The New York man replied, 'How can you pay fifty cents on the dollar? Your assets will not pay over forty cents.'

"'Well, never mind that,' said the unfortunate assignor; 'if my assets will not pay the fifty cents I will make up the deficiency out of my own pocket.'

"What became of the New Yorker after that, deponent saith not."

The gallant localizer of the Troy *Times* describes "blasted hopes" to be—

"Marrying a woman with the expectation of getting her with $30,000, and when the union is consummated to be presented with a bill for her last year's board."

In the year 1632 the General Court of Plymouth Colony made this law, which, from its contrast with our way of doing things, is worth notice:

"That whoever refuses the office of governor *shall pay twenty pounds* sterling, unless he were chosen two years going; and whoever *refuses* the office of counselor or *magistrate, ten pounds* sterling."

A Mr. N. was about completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared, who innocently inquired:

"Grandpa, which horse you goin' to sell? Dat one you build a fire under to make him draw?"

The bargain was at an end.

At a meeting of the friends and believers in spiritualism, not long since, among the "relics" of the departed, the spirit of Daniel Webster rapped itself into notice. The great statesman, through the medium—a gray-headed believer—acknowledged that he had been a great man, and that he had committed many errors in the flesh. He had made many mistakes in his social life, in his diplomatic career, in his political course, and there were some, he was sorry to say, in his *Dictionary*.

There resides on Core Hill, in Utica, an eccentric genius, rejoicing in the cognomen of Jimmy O'Brien. Jimmy being out of work last fall started on a tramp for a job. Passing, toward noon, the residence of a "well-to-do" farmer near Stittsville, Jimmy's olfactories were regaled by the good things about to be served up, and having a desire to test their quality, he thought he would apply for work. He did apply, and was engaged (at least to eat a good dinner). Jimmy having done justice to the dinner and himself, the "Squire" wanted to know what Jimmy could do about the farm.

"A'most any thing you'd set me about, Sir."

"Well, Jimmy, if you can do that, I think you'll suit me. Are you a good cradler?"

"Bedad it's meself that is," replied Jimmy; "but couldn't you give me some 'out-door work?'"

Poverty is like a panther—look it steadily in the face and it will turn and flee from you, says an exchange. Yes, but like Davy Crocket's "painter," it's a nasty varmint to freeze to a feller when it once gets a good hold, and the nick of the joke is to catch its eye.

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"

"Yes, Sir; attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front, toward the north.

"Now, what's before you, John?"

"The north, Sir."

"And what behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat-tail, Sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

When crossing-sweepers cease to touch their hats to you, consider that it is probably time for you to procure new clothes.

When reminded of their want of progress in agriculture and manufactures, the Spaniards relate a legend, that Adam, once upon a time, requested leave to revisit this world—once his paradise. The leave was granted, and an angel commissioned to conduct him. On wings of love the patriarch hastened to his native earth; but so changed, so strange all seemed to him, that he felt at home nowhere until he came to Portugal. "Ah, here," exclaimed he, "set me down here; every thing here is just as I left it!"

Some time ago the *Weekly* had an account of the trial of a man for stealing a five-dollar bill, in Indiana. A correspondent says:

"There is a mistake as to the place. The trial *actually* took place in this (the 13th) Judicial Circuit of the State of Illinois, and the culprit was prosecuted by Benjamin F. Fridley, then States Attorney for this Circuit, and who is still a practicing lawyer here. For stealing the value of five dollars, the prisoner was liable to go to the penitentiary. For larceny under that value, fine and imprisonment was the punishment. The larceny was clearly proven; and, to save the prisoner from the penitentiary, it became necessary to reduce, by proof, the real value of the bill below its nominal value; and the defendant, of course, showed that the bill was not quite worth its face in specie, and was at some small rate of discount in New York city. After some squabbling as to the admissibility of the testimony on that point, the arguments to the jury commenced; and the larceny being put beyond doubt, by proof, the value of the bill became the great Sebastopol of the legal belligerents. The counsel for the defendant tried, 'might and main,' to storm this point. Frid (as we familiarly term him) 'nailed his colors fast,' and manfully made desperate defense of this the only point assailed; and, in addition to what you stated of his sayings, urged the fact of the prisoner's having passed the bill at par, and called upon the jury to determine, under the oaths they had taken as jurors, whether the prisoner, when he stole the bill, took it at a *discount* or stole it at *par*: and maintained the latter with an eloquence and force which convinced the jury that the bill was stolen at *par*, and their verdict was rendered accordingly."

An English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

It is said that Necessity knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity.

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."

"What is 'honorably,' mother?"

"It means that you must give him the largest piece."

"Then, mother, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."

The Rev. Dr. C—— was one of the earliest Presbyterian ministers in Upper Georgia, and a man of great talent and considerable learning, but somewhat given to the use of large words, as the following incident will show. On one occasion he was reading the lesson of the day, and came to "The Lord would take up Elijah by a whirlwind." He paused, and said with strong Milesian accent, and roll of the R's—"Per-rhaps, my fr-riends, some of you don't know what a whir-rlwind is. Well, a *whir-rlwind* is a TOR-RNAHDO."

A lady friend of ours went into her kitchen one day, and said to her bright-eyed Irish cook, "Betsy, there is to be an eclipse of the moon to-night, which you can see if you look out after it rises." "Arrah, ma'am," cried Betsy, "and is it the moon that you say is to be 'clipsed. Sure, yees don't have the moon 'clipsed here, does ye? It's the *sun* in my counthry!"

An old lady residing not far from Exeter, was perhaps one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the last century produced. Her husband had long been dying, and at length, on the clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits, he found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving him an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but he could not die: at last," said she, "I recollected I had got a piece of new tape in the drawer, so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and, poor dear! he went off like a lamb!"

WHY DIGGEST THOU?

"Old man! old man! for whom digg'st thou this grave?"
  I asked as I walked along:
For I saw in heart of London streets
  A dark and busy throng.

'Twas a strange, wild deed! but a wilder wish
  Of the parted soul, to lie,
'Midst the troubled numbers of living men
  Who would pass him idly by!

So I said, "Old man, for whom digg'st thou this grave,
  In the heart of London town?"
And the deep-toned voice of the digger replied—
  "We're laying a gas-pipe down."

A representative of Gloster in the tragedy of King Lear, at Reading, was on one occasion taken suddenly drunk, and another gentleman was found, who was "rough studied" in character. He got on famously, until the scene where he has his eyes put out, and then he was obliged to ask permission to read the rest of his part.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Feb.* 15, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Feb. 13, 1858	$2,028,900....	$865,156
Corresponding week, 1857	7,942,070....	1,074,202
Decrease	$5,913,170....	$209,046

The specie movement was small, about $50,000 being sent out from this port, and $200,000 from Boston. On Saturday the California steamer arrived with $1,348,507. The money market grows, if possible, still easier; and exchange on England is falling to a point at which it will not pay to ship specie.

Our advices from England, per *Niagara*, at Halifax, inform us of the reduction of the rate of interest by the Bank of England to 4 per cent.; in the discount market, good paper was done at 3, and 2½ only was allowed on deposits by the discount houses.

The course of the stock market here continues upward, with no prospect of a check.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, February* 15, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week were decidedly brisker....The receipts of Breadstuffs were limited, while the demand was more animated, especially for Flour and Corn, which closed quite firmly at somewhat higher prices....Cotton was very actively dealt in, and it improved considerably, the recent news from England having favorably affected the market for it....Groceries were in lively request, and prices favored sellers....Provisions were moderately inquired for at rising prices....Ashes, Hides, and Naval Stores were more sought after, and each advanced considerably.... Hay, Hops, and Grass Seeds were in fair demand, at full rates....Hemp, Tobacco, and Wool were quiet, though buyers had any existing advantage....The demand for Dry Goods is gradually reviving, and there is more regularity visible, especially in standard productions, which are more sought after. The auction sales continue to form the leading feature of the season's business thus far. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,439,218 against $3,800,929 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $5,916,990 against $18,433,423 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 20	@	$4 50
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 15	@	4 50
Extra Western Flour, per barrel.......	4 40	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 30	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 20	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 50	@	8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 87½
Corn Meal, per barrel.............	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	95	@	1 22½
New Crop Corn, per bushel	66	@	69
Rye, per bushel	68	@	70
Barley, per bushel.................	70	@	78
Western Oats, per bushel	44	@	45
State Oats, per bushel..............	41	@	44
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	33	@	39
Southern Oats, per bushel...........	27	@	35
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	16 10	@	16 25
Prime Pork, per barrel..............	12 75	@	13 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	6 00	@	7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	21 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	17 50
Cut Meats, per pound..............	6½	@	8½
Lard, per pound..................	9½	@	9¾
State Butter, per pound............	13	@	24
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	16
Cheese, per pound.................	6½	@	8½
Rice, per 100 pounds...............	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	8½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4½	@	7
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	20	@	23
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	4½	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	26	@	29
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound.............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21½	@	22
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds...........	50	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound.......	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound........	6½	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound........	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton.......	100 00	@	110 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	140 00	@	165 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound ...	20	@	32
Pot Ashes, per 100 pounds..........	6 25	@	—
Pearl Ashes, per 100 pounds	6 50	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	47	@	47½

Freights were moderately active, and rates were sustained. For Liverpool, Cotton, 3-16d. @ ¼d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. per barrel; Pork, 2s. 6d. @ 2s. 9d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate figures. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 557.

The Live Stock Markets were less extensively supplied with Beeves last Wednesday, and though the demand was not very brisk, prices were somewhat firmer.... Milch Cows were in slack request at previous figures.... Veal Calves were sparingly purchased at old prices.... Sheep and Lambs were in pretty fair request, and rather dearer....Swine were less abundant, and were in improved demand at strengthening quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Feb. 3.*	Week ending *Feb. 10.*
Beeves.....................	3,167	2,700
Milch Cows	116	134
Veal Calves.................	382	370
Sheep and Lambs	5,624	6,860
Swine.......................	2,102	1,505

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........	689	Virginia	147
Ohio................	537	Indiana............	55
Illinois............	392	Connecticut	12

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$ 7	@	$ 14
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head.........	3 00	@	9 00
" " per pound.........	8	@	11
Live Swine, per pound..............	5	@	6
Dressed " "	6	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets continue moderately active....Apples, Cabbages, Cranberries, and Squashes bring somewhat higher prices, being less abundant. Other commodities are essentially unchanged in value.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel....................	$2 50	@	$4 75
Apples, dried, per pound..............	5	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	17	@	19
Plums, dried, per pound..............	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 25	@	2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel..............	8 00	@	11 00
Potatoes, per barrel.................	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel....................	95	@	1 00
" sweet, per barrel..............	4 50	@	5 00
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel.................	25	@	50
Squashes, per barrel	2 50	@	—
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbages, per 100	3 50	@	5 25
" Red, per dozen	1 00	@	1 25
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel..................	1 25	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100......................	3 00	@	4 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	87
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	10	@	11
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	15½
Chickens, per pound................	11	@	13
Fowls, per pound....................	10	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair...............	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	14	@	18
" per pair	75	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound.................	10	@	14
Geese, per pound...................	9	@	13
Pigeons, per dozen	2 25	@	2 75
Prairie Hens, per pair..............	1 25	@	1 50
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Roasting Pigs......................	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	30
Hares, per pair	31	@	38
Squirrels, each	5	@	8
Venison, per pound	9	@	14
Bear Meat, per pound	12	@	16

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